

THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE NATION'S NEW YEAR.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!"

This fawning paradox they bring,

In lands beyond the sea,

As tribute from one monarch's bier

To sweeten to another's ear

His new-born majesty.

So we—but with no thought to fawn—

Looking from midnight unto morn,

With solemn voice exclaim:

"The year is dead! and, Live the year!"

The storm hath fled! The sky is clear!

The past is but a name!"

The year that flushes into birth,

With rosy morning over earth,

Hath portent deep and true:

In many a sense, to us, at least,

This year, now trending from the East,

Is gloriously new!

New, that it comes not girt with steel,

Nor resonant with battle-peal,

Nor stained with blood and tears!

But smiling through the parted mist,

In robes of gold and amethyst,

This heaven-sent child appears!

New, that long-severed hearts it brings

Together, with peace-offerings;

Rekindles hearths long cold;

Treads olden superstitions down,

And crowns the future with a crown

Of spiritual gold!

"The year is dead!" then, chant we here,

And still again, "O live the year!"

And may its light increase,

Till not alone o'er us it shine,

But shed the splendor, all divine,

Of Universal Peace!

C. D. G.

FREE CONCERTS ON SUNDAY.

WHO sings in your church, good reader? The time was when a more pertinent question would have been, Who is your preacher? but let us be glad that so stupid a notion is now well-nigh obsolete. A well-executed solo is vastly more entertaining than one of those old-fashioned sermons, and as for a fine chorus, sung by a trained choir composed of professional musicians, pshaw! no pulpit effort can compare with it. Remember that this is an age of progress. There are naughty people living who do not incline to attending religious services, but may be induced to appear if the music be sufficiently attractive. A fine soprano or "a love of a tenor" oftentimes proves more attractive than an eloquent preacher. Boy choirs, too, are sure to draw. Just now they are the rage, so to speak. Two organs and two choirs, or one organ to accompany a quartet and chorus—either of these will do, and both are rapidly superseding the old style quartet, as the latter has almost driven out

of existence the old-fashioned choir to which we listened in our younger days with mingled feelings of awe, delight, and consternation. This is the kind of progress that we believe in. It is really worth the while to go to church now, for you are pretty sure to hear music for nothing to listen to which on any evening of the week would cost at least a dollar a head, with a chance of being squeezed at that, to say nothing of the risk of meeting people whom you don't like. We like the music at our church. Not that we would disparage the claims of any other church, but in our hearts we think ours can't be beat. The lady who sings soprano has a most charming voice, and wonderfully adapted for sacred music. She is pretty, too. But that we don't regard as of such importance as we did before we became the head of a promising family. And the contralto—her voice is worth a fortune to her. She sings sacred music exclusively, and gets several hundred dollars a year for doing it. The tenor and basso are excellent in their way, particularly the former. Only last Sunday he sang a solo from our favorite opera in a most ravishing manner. Of course the words were of a religious import—at least we believe they were, though it was impossible to understand them. But that was not his fault, for he is an Italian, and English don't come easy to him, you know. Still, he is improving in this respect, and as he is paid handsomely for his efforts to sing praises in a foreign tongue, it is to be presumed that he will attain to perfection or perish in the attempt. (Thus far he has shown no signs of perishing). We repeat our assertion that we think our choir will compare favorably with that of any Protestant church in the city. Its repertoire is very extensive, embracing oratorios, operas, popular songs, and all the tunes in the old "Carmina Sacra." Last Sunday morning the music of Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" was sung to one of the ordinary hymns in the hymn-book, and in the evening a delicious air from "Don Sebastian," set to very proper words, and both were executed in a highly commendable manner. Of course the church pays well for all this. And it ought to. The expense per capita is trifling compared with that of musical entertainments on other days, and, what is almost as important, such a choir is sure to keep the church full. But we are generous, withal. There are a number of other churches where the music is excellent and even more artistic than that of our own. Still, we prefer the latter simply because it more closely accords to our idea of church music. Doubtless many will be found to disagree with us, but we won't quarrel over the matter.

More seriously, however, this subject of church music deserves the careful consideration of the religious people of the city. Instead of an accessory to—or, more properly, an element of—religious worship, it has become in too many instances a distinct affair, to be valued and criticized solely for its excellence in an artistic point of view. We can name churches where the chief attraction offered to the public is the music. The singers are professionals of not a little note, and the music selected is of a character entirely different from that which is associated in most minds with religious worship. There is before us a printed programme of a service recently held in one of our churches, the main features of which are the selections of music. This change has been working for several years, and no one can tell at what point it will stop. The prayers, reading from the Scriptures, and the sermon appear to be endured for the sake of the music. This is no fanciful assertion. We speak that we do know. It is no uncommon thing to hear the remark made of a church that such and such persons compose its choir, rather than who occupies its pulpit, and so frequently is such talk heard that we

half venture to suggest that, instead of speaking of a church as Rev. Dr. Smith's or Rev. Mr. Brown's, it should be known by the name of the leading member of its choir. We verily believe that there are people in this city who would prefer this mode of distinction to any other. One church we have in mind to which large crowds flock every Sunday, not to hear its pastor preach nor to join in the religious services, but to hear one of the members of its choir. This may be all right. On the principle that the end sanctifies the means, it may be well to make use of all possible devices to allure men and women to the sanctuary; but we insist that the question is a debatable one.

Music as an element of religious worship cannot be too highly estimated. Through all the ages, before and since the Christian era, singing has formed a most important part of religious services; and the Scriptures abound in allusions to the music of heaven as something too transporting in delight to be conceived of by mortals. We believe most sincerely in the power of music, not only upon the human mind, but, oftentimes, upon the human heart. He has not the soul of a man in him who can listen to its melodious cadences without being affected in some degree thereby. But, as a part of Christian worship, we claim that it should be kept in subservience to the import of the service. Christianity may avail itself of all the resources of art and science, but they must be subsidiary to it. They are accessories, not principals. It is the religious service as a whole—not the sermon alone, not the prayers alone, not the reading from the Scriptures alone, not the music alone—that constitutes worship. So long as each of these are tributary to the single sentiment of worship, they are beneficial; but the moment that any one is cultivated for its own sake it becomes out of place. Music that is admired for its artistic merits, however enjoyable it may be, cannot be regarded as an element of Christian worship. Here is the criterion, and the only criterion that can be adopted. It is for each church to judge for itself how closely its services adhere to this test or how widely they depart from it.

NOTES FROM A SHORTHAND REPORTER.

A GRACEFUL and accurate system by which words are committed to paper as fast as they can be uttered, has in it, to the popular mind, something of magic and mystery. The reporter at public meetings occasionally finds a man staring at his notes over his shoulder with undisguised admiration and astonishment, sometimes inquiring, incredulously, "Can you take it down just as they speak it?" or "Can you read that?" Yet shorthand is explained by the very simple idea that a man ought to be able to move his fingers as rapidly as he does his tongue. As the tongue forms a sound, why may not the finger also trace it? What reason is there why writing should not be as rapid as speech? The invention of letters may have marked an era of progress at a dark period of the world's history, but it is questionable whether we of this generation have any reason to thank our ancestors for saddling upon us the awkward and complicated method of writing which has dragged its slow length along through the centuries and consumed an infinite amount of the time of the human race in a useless and tedious mechanical operation. But, even with this cumbrous alphabet, there is no sensible argument for spelling the word *though* with six letters. Phonography, or writing by sound—which is the system of shorthand now in general use—dispenses with these encumbrances of letters, and is based on a phonetic alphabet. Having defined the sounds of the language, it takes the simplest marks that can be made—short, straight lines

and curves—to represent the consonants, and assigns dots, and dashes of the size of a hyphen, to represent the vowels. The consonants form the outline of the word, and the dots and dashes, according to their position, indicate the vowel sounds. But as the tongue blends particular sounds rapidly, so it became necessary to introduce contractions of the phonographic alphabet, and this was done by means of circles and hooks, large and small, and by double-length characters. The system, therefore, is simply one of straight and curved lines, circles, hooks, and dots. The letters occurring so frequently at the end as well as at the beginning of words, it was provided that that letter should be represented by a small circle. The letter *t* is a short, straight, perpendicular mark; *st*, therefore, would be a character something like a half note in music stricken downwards; *ts* would have the circle at the end. *K* is a short, straight, horizontal line; to represent *ks* the line would have a circle at the end. A great many words begin with a consonant followed by *r* or *l*, as *pray*, *play*, *crows*, *clothes*. It was, therefore, contrived that a little hook commencing the consonant mark should represent these letters. A hook on the upper side, or right hand side, represented *l*; on the under, or left hand side, represented *r*, so *clothes*, pronounced *klos*, would be a straight, horizontal stroke, commencing with a slight hook on the upper side, and ending with a small circle, also on the upper side, all made with a continuous motion of the pen, and the dash for the vowel added afterwards. In writing *skl* a little circle was added inside the hook; in writing *skr* the *s* circle was simply placed on the *r* side of the character. So *n* and *tion* occur frequently at the end of words, and these were provided for in a similar manner. Thus, with other contractions and modifications to be learned in the proper books, a complete system was constructed by which the fingers easily keep pace with the vocal organs.

But shorthand is not yet sufficiently perfect to take the place of longhand, though improvements are being introduced every year which render it more simple, consistent, and conspicuous, and remove complications and arbitrary expedients. In shorthand as it is practiced, for instance, it is necessary to make a distinction between a light and heavy stroke, which, with a pencil, is very difficult to do. A perpendicular stroke, as we have said, is *t*; but the same stroke made heavier is *d*, that letter being essentially only a heavier sound of *t*. A horizontal stroke is *k*; the same stroke made heavier is *g* hard. A light downward curve is *f*, a heavy one is *v*, and so on. Phonography is used almost solely now for *verbatim* reporting. Many contractions which impair its beauty and correctness, but which make it more rapid, are the result of its use merely for this purpose. In *verbatim* reporting the vowels are mostly omitted, the consonant outline being sufficient to indicate the word. Many of our commonest words are represented by contractions of their outline used as word-signs. These word-signs, in their turn, are blended into one continuous motion of the hand, so that hundreds of phrases, such as "I do not know," "Under the present circumstances," "Mr. Chairman," etc., are represented by a distinct character. Some reporters join words together more frequently than others. A slight mistake in translating the notes of a speech or dictation, or testimony in courts, sometimes results in very ludicrous blunders. The instance in which a reporter is stated to have rendered the Latin quotation, "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas*," as follows: "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas," is probably an invention, but does very well for an illustration. At a meeting in New York Elihu Burritt once closed a speech with a sentiment to the effect that "Labor, thought-honored labor, may be the only earthly potentate that shall be crowned on this continent." What must have been his surprise to have found it printed in a morning paper, "Labor, that honored labor, may be the nail lately patented that shall be crowned on this continent." The consonant outline of "only earthly potentate" being similar in his notes to "nail lately patented," the reporter was stupid enough to write it out according to his first impression. Another reporter, writing the sentence, "Shall awaken all along his path of glory," rendered it, "Shall, wagon all along his path of

glory"—the outline for wagon being nearly the same as that for awaken. A reporter, writing out one of Dr. Chapin's sermons—which are sometimes full of large words, and, when he rises into the ecstasies of eloquence, are delivered with more rapidity than is the case with any other orator in America—once came across the sentence, "Christianity has been the oriflamme of freedom in all ages." His notes were rather indistinct, and he was not familiar with the word oriflamme. After much cudgeling of his brains, he finally rendered the sentence, "Christianity has been the hornblower of freedom in all ages." That was the only word at all appropriate which he could guess from the peculiar phonographic outline of oriflamme. A practiced and intelligent phonographer, however, very seldom makes a mistake through any imperfection of his art. Two good reporters have been known to take a speech for different papers, in which, when published, there was scarcely the variation of a word. In a noisy assemblage, or in reporting an indistinct speaker, it is oftener the case that words are misunderstood. Of this character was a report in which the sentence of a lecturer, "Put a coal on the back of a turtle and it will travel," was given, "Put a pole on the back of eternity and it will travel." The printers, too, are responsible for a large proportion of mistakes generally attributed to the reporters. There are thousands who have studied shorthand so as to understand its principles, but who had not the patience to practice themselves in it sufficiently to write it rapidly enough to be of any use to them. There are not more than twenty-five really proficient reporters in New York; Washington supports a dozen or more, and such cities as Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, have only four or five each. They earn, when working, from thirty to eighty dollars a week. For reporting military commissions the government pays seventy dollars a week.

Though phonography is not yet sufficiently perfect to supersede our present system of writing, it has, at least, demonstrated the possibility of such a result. It has the balance of argument in its favor. Longhand is not by any means an exact system. Half the handwriting of the day is almost illegible to all but the person who writes it. The simplest combination of marks must necessarily be the most legible. The word *though* in longhand requires more than twenty distinct motions of the pen; in shorthand it requires only two, and, of course, the latter is the most legible. The eye catches the meaning of the figures "1865" quicker than of the words "eighteen hundred and sixty-five." A perfected shorthand which shall answer all the purposes of ordinary writing, if taught in the schools, would make its way into general use by its own usefulness and economy, until those who only understood the old system would wake up some morning to find themselves obsolete. If shorthand were adopted, of course fine penmen would lose the opportunity for graceful flourishes in their chirography, for every mark must then mean something. Those writers who attempt to make their articles humorous by shocking orthography would be compelled to depend on their ideas alone for their wit. The adoption of phonography would also tend strongly to hasten the use of a phonetic alphabet in printing, and, perhaps, in the distant future, a shorthand type might also be invented. The writer for the press would give his manuscript in shorthand to the printer, thus saving him three-fourths of his labor. This might seem to some an argument against it, rather than in its favor. The world, we are told, is inundated with printed matter now, and any innovation which will facilitate writers in furnishing copy for the press would be a positive curse to the community. The want of the time is not more literature, but less and better literature. As it is now, a man can hope to read only a few of the volumes put forth by the publishers. If Dumas had the advantage of shorthand, the startling result might occur that he would write novels so rapidly that a man of ordinary intelligence, reading all the working hours of the day, and reading this author's works alone, would not be able to keep up with him, besides running the risk of becoming a hopeless lunatic in the attempt. But everything that diminishes labor benefits the community, and the rule will not be falsified in the case of authors. A writer once said of his book, "I wrote it in two

volumes because I had not time to write it in one." The author will have more time to think and to condense; he will not write more, but he will write better. Literature is priced in the market to-day, too generally, according to quantity rather than according to quality. When it becomes more easily obtained, all the more care will be given to its quality. It is when peaches are plenty that we ask for those that are ripe, large, and luscious. The minister, student, and author, now dragging this pen-burden after them, day by day, will then find time for reading, meditation, and, above all, for recreation. The amanuensis, the copyist, the bookkeeper, the thousands upon thousands who, in a great city, sit at their desks all day in dark offices, bending their spines over the paper, as the seamstresses used to bend over their cloth, will find half of their lives restored to them. Somebody has written a parody on

"Stitch! stitch! stitch!"

commencing

"Scratch! scratch! scratch!"

vividly portraying the miseries of the slaves of the pen. But shorthand will accomplish a greater revolution than the sewing machine, for it will shorten and straighten the road to learning, and give a new impulse and a freer and wider range to thought. And it will, also, lift many oppressive burdens of labor, add years to many human lives, and hasten "that new childhood of the world," when

"Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,
And labor meet delight half-way."

G. W.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN."

AN article in a recent issue of the *Home Journal* is devoted to the morality of mantua-making; deriving its text from the custom pursued in several of our fashionable cloak manufactories, of employing men to measure the sylph-like (or otherwise, as the case may be) forms of the lady applicants or outer garments, and deploring the want of modesty displayed in female tolerance of these male manipulations. The writer cites the establishment of Worth, the male measurer of Paris, and extracts therefrom the following moral:

"I have cited the Worth establishment merely that I might draw the parallel, and make the application. Here you see in this immodest, I might say outrageous, substitution of a man as ladies' milliner and maid, the final result of a submission to male measuring. By degrees, the ladies learn to tolerate the thing, and, finally, become convinced that the men have the more taste; in fact, that as toilets are donned to please the rougher sex, a deference to male ideas upon the subject must be the most rational means of insuring success. This is a deplorable result, as are all things which tend to lessen the most charming, most winning trait of a woman—her instinctive modesty."

Why, bless the unsophisticated heart of this unfashionable critic! the parallel was drawn and the application made in this our semi-Gallic metropolis years ago; the final result hinted at as scarcely possible culmination of this measure of iniquity and iniquity of measure was long since attained! A German tailor, rejoicing in the mellifluous cognomen of Schmaulder, inspired, probably, by the success of his transatlantic prototype, conceived the scheme of replenishing his exhausted coffers by offering his sartorial services to the fashionable fair as a fabricator of riding-habits. Now, the equestrian costume worn by ladies being, in sundry particulars, a more or less close imitation of the habiliments of the sterner sex, there seemed to be a peculiar vindication of the eternal fitness of things in the construction of the said costume by a masculine mechanic; and, accordingly, at first a few dames who had recently returned from Paris, and afterwards a great many who had only imported their manners from that gay city, placed themselves literally in his hands to be measured for jackets, skirts, and—it is whispered—for *et ceteras*, too. Like most other things, however, the production of riding-habits is confined within certain limits. A minority only of the female *beau monde* is addicted to the practices of the *manège*, and even of that minority some component members were so enslaved by antiquated prejudices as to prefer dressmakers of their own sex; so, taking into further consideration the fact that riding-habits last longer than other articles of feminine attire, our knight of the shears determined

to enlarge the field of his operations by including within its range the elaboration of every variety of *robe, peignoir, toilette de bal, costume de promenade*, etc., required by his customers. Here was something entirely exclusive for the world of fashion! here was a "mode" which the vulgar horde would be deterred from imitating by ridiculous and plebeian notions of modesty.

The riding-habit system might possibly be popularized; but the "trying on" of a *décolleté* ball-dress by a hirsute Teuton was surely a privilege which might be enjoyed exceptionally by the "Upper Ten." Hence, business flowed in upon the Schmaulder establishment with an auriferous flood-tide; his order-book contained the names of reigning belles and budding (not blushing) aspirants to bellehood; husbands became unpleasantly conscious of private chamber interviews between their half-clad wives and a bearded foreigner, at times when themselves were excluded from the connubial apartment; but having been familiarized with the audiences granted by mesdames while *en déshabille* to whiskered hair-dressers, they shrugged their shoulders and only reflected upon the summary course they would be justified in pursuing if the interloper were a gentleman. It is, undoubtedly, a rather curious, not to say inconsistent, condition of affairs, when a man is denied access to his wife's room—not merely because she is "undressed," for that expression of extreme modesty we consider highly laudable—but because, in addition to that partially nude situation, a strange man is adjusting her *corsage*, or a French refugee is exercising his tonsorial art upon her *coiffure*, and his conversational talents upon the "on dits" of society. But, *que voulez-vous?* It is the fashion; and what avail against that response the subtleties of argument, or the crude, trite sophistries based upon old-fangled sentiments of propriety? Let us rather be thankful, brother Benedicks, that matters are no worse; that it is not as yet fashionable to violate all the usages established by our simple-minded predecessors; that if our fair rulers admit to the mysterious rites of the toilet other obvious bipeds than ourselves, the practice does not apply to our social equals, with whom the dangers of pistols and ten paces might be entailed upon us, but is confined to persons whose coarse-mindedness and unrefined manner of thinking place them far beneath our notice.

A. L. C.

REVIEWS.

WAR SONGS OF GERMANY.*

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT died at Bonn, on the Rhine, at the age of ninety, on the 29th of January, 1860. Neither a great scholar, nor statesman, nor writer, there was yet something in his character and influence and effort to entitle him to the lasting remembrance of Germany, to the grateful recognition of other lands.

Bold, indefatigable, sincere, devoted wholly to the service of the country he loved, he proclaimed its aspirations while he shared its sorrows. From the first days in his long career to the last, there is observable in him that glow of nationality, that intense faith in the destiny of Germany, which early made him a name and a power in the land. To the unquenchable fire of the believer he added the restless activity of the worker. In the terrible hours of her struggle, in the tumult of her hopes, amidst the thunders of battle, in the disorder of retreat, the songs of Arndt, clear, inspiring, heroic, were to Germany the keynote of victory, the assurance of triumph, permanent and final.

Born on the 26th of December, 1769, in the Island of Rügen, at that time a possession of Sweden—his father, originally a serf, having become the superintendent of the estate of the nobleman who had enfranchised him—the early life of Arndt was passed in the stillness of a remote province, in the sobriety of an industrious household. Originally destined for the church, he was sent to Jena to study theology. But that profession had as little interest for him as the philosophy of Fichte, to whom he listened, fascinated by his striking personality, by his fervent, yet sagacious, patriot-

ism. In the travels which he undertook afterwards in the various parts of Europe, and of which he published an account—his first literary work—he added to his experience while he shaped his career. Not the least, perhaps, among the causes of that hatred of the French which he carried with so much rancor and so little justice to the end of his life, was the sight, in his youth, of Paris under the Directory.

At the University of Greifswald, in Pomerania, where he had become a teacher, he made his first essay in behalf of that general reform, that bolder progress, which, to all thinking men, it was the need and the duty of the age to begin. His history of serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen brought down upon him the indignation of the nobles, from the consequences of which, however, he was fortunately preserved by the justice of the king. In 1806 appeared the first part of the work ("Geist der Zeit") by which, at different periods in the critical times that followed, he was to be known and marked as one of the bravest soldiers in that ceaseless war of French ambition and German apathy which ended with the rescue of his country from the abuses of the feudal system and the narrowness of the medieval life. With the same vehemence with which he exposed the evils of Germany he attacked the ambition of France. In the midst of the silence which the despotism of Napoleon had enforced, Arndt boldly proclaimed that he should be fought with his own weapons, and was applauded by the sale of fifteen editions of his book. Fleeing the wrath of Napoleon, he went to Stockholm and Berlin, and taught languages and wrote for newspapers. On his way to St. Petersburg, where were gathering all those elements of opposition to Napoleon which afterwards drove him from his throne and banished him from the sight of men, he encountered, among other distinguished persons, the Freiherr von Stein—the leading spirit in the great national movement which was organizing—who recognized his talents and obtained him a place. And then began the brilliant period of his life. The war which he had invoked broke out. His war songs rang through the land. Yet while he stimulated his countrymen to press on to the success he prophesied, he never forgot to expose the evils to which they owed their misfortunes. The division of Germany into small principalities, and the breaking up of its sovereignty into those numberless fractions by which its strength was exhausted, were to him the primal abuses of the medieval age they had inherited. The restoration of the empire with its ancient dignity, free from the defects which had wrought its overthrow, combining with the largest representation of the people the loyalty of the subject and the supremacy of the sovereign—such was his guiding thought. Monarchical in his education and tendencies, he hated alike the radicalism of republicans and the despotism of Bonaparte. It was for the best government, not in theory but in fact, that he strove. It was an empire that should include the whole German race, as well in Alsace and Lorraine, in Switzerland and the Netherlands, as in Austria or Baden, of which he dreamed—with one parliament and one coinage, with equal measures and a national costume. And such also was his demand when, after the treaty of Paris, nothing to which the nation had aspired was granted, when again, and now for many years, Germany was doomed to bear the weight it had found so grievous of ambitious princes and a divided sovereignty.

In the national assembly at Frankfort, in 1849, when with the threat of revolution the people demanded reform, he advocated at once and vigorously the establishment of a hereditary empire, with Prussia at its head; and was a member of the committee which was at length appointed to carry to the King of Prussia the offer of the crown of Germany. When that was declined, it was obvious that a change in the constitution of the German states was for the present impossible. The fear of revolution abated, but the progress of reform did not cease. It is still going on with surer if with calmer course, not to end, let us hope, with the introduction of a caste of nobility like that of England, with the right of primogeniture and hereditary legislation, for which Arndt contended, truer for once to tradition than to reason.

In 1818, Arndt was made a professor of history in

the university just then established by Prussia at Bonn, the position which he most coveted as one in which he could best act upon the young mind of Germany. For his second wife he had married a sister of the celebrated Schleiermacher. After the storm of many years life was brighter again and promised peace. But the reaction which had set in against liberal institutions did not spare those who had defended them. Accused of democratic intrigues, arrested, tried, and acquitted, Arndt was, nevertheless, suspended from his professorship. Nor was he permitted to return till the accession of a new monarch restored a new order of things. After twenty years of enforced and painful silence, an order from Wilhelm IV., one of the first and most popular acts of that unfortunate sovereign, restored him in 1840 to his rights. The university made him its rector. His threescore and ten years sat lightly upon him when he entered again upon his work, which he continued to within a short time of the end, dying in the harness at ninety. His pen always in his hand, hardly an event happened, hardly a principle was advocated, which he did not analyze or discuss. But so free-spoken, so honest, and so resolute a man could not but be still in constant danger of collision with the authorities who so anxiously guarded the healthful sentiments of the people. At the age of eighty-nine the brave old writer was condemned, by a tribunal in Rhenish-Bavaria, to imprisonment for a passage in his recollections of Stein, published in 1859.

In his personal appearance as in his moral traits, Arndt was to his contemporaries a living example of the old German type. The energetic form, the rich poetic mind, the severe earnestness, the love of freedom and of country which characterized their ancestors, all appeared in him. The chief source of his power, indeed, was that he represented not more the new ideas than the old instincts of his nation. In the national assembly at Frankfort the deputies rose solemnly in their seats as he entered, doing silent homage thus to the dignity and freedom of their land, incorporate as it were in him. And when he ascended the tribune the cheers of six hundred of the foremost men of his country did but express the grateful feelings of the people they represented.

This great and general popularity, however, was due rather to the man than to the poet—rather to the cause he defended than to the inspiration he possessed. As a poet he is not to be compared with the great names of Germany. He had nothing of the deep thought of Goethe or the brilliant eloquence of Schiller; nothing of that delicate perception or that profound originality which carries the true poet through the ages, fresh and fervent to the end. Yet there is something in the songs which he gave forth in the darkest hours of her struggle which went to the heart of Germany—something which entitles him to rank with the best poets of his own or of any age, if one but measures him by the spirit he breathes or by the influence he exerted. For nearly two generations his stirring words have been upon the lips of his countrymen. Now as of old, when the French cannon made the earth shake from the Elbe to the Iser, the songs of Arndt echo from hill to hill. The great hymn of the Fatherland,

"Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess,
Der wollte keine Knechte,"

still abides with the people it consecrates. The author of the "Lied von Schill," of "Scharnhorst der Ehrenbote," of the "Leipziger Schlacht," of "Wer soll der Hüter seyn," of "Vorwärts," and the "Bundeslied" is still to-day, and will remain till Germany abandons its future by forgetting its past, a wholesome power, a vital force, in the land he lived in so long and loved so well. Since the bloody battle of Pavia, in the sixteenth century, says a competent critic, no war songs have been heard in Germany like those of the old bard of the Rhine, while the only national song of the Germans, heard so often in every hamlet from the Baltic to the Alps, is the one which Arndt sang to them amidst the tumult of battle and the thunders of victory—still too true a picture of the divisions of the country it sought to unite: "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

But of the final success of his country, of the permanent progress of the world, Arndt never doubted or despaired. "The time is in God's hands," exclaimed

* "Poems by Ernst Moritz Arndt. Complete Edition, with the Autograph of the Poet in his Ninetieth Year." Weidmann, Berlin.

the aged patriot; "no man shall know the hour, but believe and hold fast." He denied with angry eloquence that Germany had outlived its strength, was declining and effete. The present generation was better, he affirmed, than that which was born with him. In knowledge and wealth, in morality and justice and all human culture the nineteenth century was to him in advance of every age which had preceded it. With an earnestness almost solemn, therefore, he opposed in his later writings that spirit of dilettanteism which had come in with the Romantic period, and which found its support in part, also, in Goethe; which plays with vice and calls it art; which, in proclaiming that in everything real there is reason, makes the study of aesthetics the excuse for license.

From the experience of a life so lived there is much to be learned; more than all things the wisdom of the poet's conclusion:

"Das ist der Wahrheit letzter Schluss:
Nur der verdient sich die Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss."

H. J. W.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with Special Reference to the Theories of Renan, Strauss, and the Tübingen School.*" By Rev. George P. Fisher, M.A. Professor of Church History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 8vo, pp. 586.

The central point of the modern attacks upon the Christian faith is its claim to a supernatural origin and character. The main effort of skeptical criticism is to show that the wonderful beginning and triumphant progress of Christianity can be interpreted without assuming a direct interposition of God in the affairs of men. Christianity, says the unbeliever, can be explained by natural causes, by a simple law of development, without prophesy or miracle, without an incarnation of the Son of God. Hence, modern unbelief has bent its energies to the task of showing, in the first place, on rational grounds, that supernaturalism is theoretically impossible—that miracle and prophesy and a direct and positive revelation are, in the nature of the case, incredible; and, secondly, to the endeavor to expel all supernatural elements from the ancient records of our faith, and to proving that these records (especially the New Testament), so far as they contain such elements, are untrustworthy, are not the testimony of unimpeachable eye-witnesses, but the product of a later age. The former, the theoretical part of the work of unbelief, is summed up chiefly in the pantheistic and materialistic theories, both of which, while starting from opposite premises, come to the same conclusion as to the impossibility of supernaturalism; in this sense, both these systems are equally naturalistic. The latter task, the expulsion of all supernatural elements from the historic records, while it in fact rests upon and presupposes the naturalistic theory, and takes it as a prime principle in all its criticism of details, also attempts to demonstrate that the ordinary laws and processes of historical criticism effectually exclude all the alleged supernatural facts from the written documents of the Christian faith; that these documents themselves, fairly and fully investigated, give no diffident warrant to the belief in a supernatural revelation.

It is with this second question that Professor Fisher's work has chiefly to do, though its able and instructive chapters on miracles and the personality of God, run into the theoretical groundwork of the matter. These discussions are opportune. The later German criticisms of Strauss and Baur are exerting a wide influence over many who know little of their writings. In several popular reviews, in many widespread historical and critical works, it is sometimes taken for granted that, even in the sphere of historical criticism, Christianity has lost its ground; that there is no sufficient evidence to establish the apostolic origin and trustworthiness of the gospels and epistles. Strauss, it is claimed, has resolved these histories into myths; Renan has explained them, in all their supernatural characteristics, as poetical fictions; while Baur and the Tübingen school have shown that they are simply the records of early and conflicting parties and tendencies, and that they collectively belong to a much later epoch than that

usually assigned to them. And, while this impression has been gaining ground in many minds, there has not been, in the English language, any satisfactory exposition and exposure of the character and results of these theories. Most of the accounts we have had of them (as Mackay's of the Tübingen school) are the works of partisans of their opinions. Such journals as the "Westminster Review," such critics as Theodore Parker, have for years been proclaiming with assurance that in the sphere of criticism the cause of supernaturalism has been lost.

We needed, then, a work which should traverse this ground in a calm and thorough manner, and, neglecting no vital point, show that this high-sounding criticism is destitute of a solid basis; that the records of our faith are still, on historical grounds, unimpeachable; that we actually have, in the gospels and epistles, trustworthy testimony, of both Christ and the apostles, to the facts of a supernatural revelation. And such a work, so far as the limits of a single volume allow, has been prepared by Professor Fisher. Some of its chapters were published in several of our quarterly religious reviews, and attracted a very general attention and approval. But these have been revised and enlarged, and much new and valuable matter has been added. And the result is a volume which we cordially commend to all interested in these momentous subjects, as not only supplying a need, but doing this in a most scholarly way, with patient criticism and great candor. The main difficulties are fairly stated and fully met. There is no evasion of the points at issue. The historical testimony is collected with care and diligence. Any one familiar with these controversies will see at once that the ground has been thoroughly explored, even when the words are few. And those not familiar with the details of the topics will be instructed by the lucid order in which the facts and arguments are presented.

One of the longest and best discussions is upon the genuineness of St. John's gospel. This, it is well known, has been the key to the fight in the contest with the Tübingen school. Strauss wavered about it, though he has finally settled down (as his only consistent position) upon its presumed unauthenticity. Renan still clung to it in part, and was rebuked for this by the more logical and consistent German critics; Baur and his school have contested its genuineness à l'outrance. Professor Fisher goes over all the ground (in 120 pages), neglecting no adverse criticism, and gives us the best argument we know of, in the English literature, in favor of this gospel. This essay alone would give him a high character as an accomplished and fair-minded critic. The recent discussions on the first three gospels are next examined in a satisfactory manner. Then he takes up Baur on his noted theory about the Pauline and Petrine parties in the Apostolic Church and the alleged "tendency-character" of the acts of the apostles, and shows that the Tübingen critic exaggerates as to the character and alleged hostile attitude of these parties, and that his theory is not derived from, but superinduced upon, the historic facts. Baur's allegation (following Gibbon, Priestley, and others), that the early Church was Ebionitic (humanitarian) and did not know the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, is then subjected to a searching revision, and the historic evidence for the truth is candidly presented. Strauss's mythical theory, including his later modifications and partial recantation of it (under the pressure of Baur's objections), and the legendary theory of Renan, are also exhibited and canvassed. The other topics are, the critical and theological opinions of Theodore Parker; an examination of Strauss and Baur on the conversion of St. Paul; the testimony of Jesus concerning himself—a valuable and convincing summary; and the essays on miracles and the personality of God to which we have already referred. The first essay, on the nature of the conflict of Christian faith with skepticism and unbelief, maps out the ground for the subsequent discussions.

We cordially commend the volume as one of no ordinary interest and importance. The tone is that of a ripe scholar; there is no denunciation; no appeal to unworthy motives, no slurring over of the points in dispute. Enough is attempted, and not too much.

The statements throughout are clear, and the style is simple and flowing, without any affectation or parade of foreign terms. The author uses the ablest works on both sides of the controversy, but exercises his own judgment both as to the arguments and their results. He has performed a difficult task in a most creditable manner. The work is handsomely brought out by Mr. Scribner, whose stock of theological books is rapidly increasing in numbers and value. The printing is well executed. We notice that Schenkel is given as "Shenkel," and Comte as "Compte."

"*The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church.*" A. D. F. Randolph, New York. 1865. Pp. 121.

This dainty little volume, published by Mr. Randolph, contains seven of the finest hymns ever written, each of which the Christian Church has reckoned among its jewels for centuries. "The Celestial Country" is the title given by Dr. Neale, of England, to his translation of a portion of the celebrated hymn of Bernard de Morlas entitled "De Contemptu Mundi." The construction of the original, as regards both the rhyme and the versification, is such that it is impossible to imitate them in English, and Dr. Neale has, therefore, disregarded both in his version. We quote three stanzas as specimens of the poem:

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending—
The tearless life is there.

"And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they shall know and see Him,
Shall have him for their own.

"And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow—
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore."

Pleasing as this is and simple as is the form of expression chosen by the translator, the poem is surpassed by the quaint version of the old hymn, "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem," which Mr. Randolph brought out last year in such an attractive shape.

The other hymns in this little volume are the "Dies Iræ," "Stabat Mater," "Veni Sante Spiritus," "Veni Creator Spiritus," "Vexilla Regis," and the celebrated "Alleluia Sequence," all of which are familiar to the students of Christian hymnology. Several translations are given of the "Dies Iræ," one of which was written by Major-General Dix during the time that his headquarters were at Fortress Monroe. This version follows closely the meter of the original, and, in some respects, is the most felicitous English translation of the old hymn that we have seen. To reproduce in our own vernacular the resonance which in so marked a degree characterizes the original Latin version, and at the same time preserve the meter and the exact meaning, has baffled the ingenuity of every scholar who has attempted it. And the same is true of all of the old Latin hymns which have come down to us through the ages as heirlooms of the Christian Church. They possess a uniqueness which refuses to be transplanted to another tongue. And it is as well that they do, for we can think of them as sung by the great army of the faithful until they ceased their songs on earth to learn the new song in the New Jerusalem.

Our space will not permit us to quote (as we would like to do) from these hymns, but we earnestly advise our readers to procure the book and read it for themselves. And aside from the value of its contents, the style in which the volume is gotten up is exceedingly creditable to American art. Mr. Randolph has paid particular attention to the subject of book-making, including the selection of type and paper, the size and the style of binding, and he deserves all commendation for his efforts, as well as congratulations for his success. "The Seven Great Hymns" is a beautiful specimen of book manufacture, and for neatness, appropriateness, taste, and elegance

will compare very favorably with many books that are more pretentious as well as more costly.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."—The January number of this magazine—numerically No. 99—is decidedly one of the poorest that has ever been issued. The only really redeeming feature is the little poem by Longfellow, entitled "The Bells of Lynn, heard at Nahant."

"O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!"

"From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!"

"Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!"

"The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!"

"Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!"

"The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!"

"And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!"

"Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!"

"And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!"

Mr. Bryant's poem, "Castles in the Air," is evidently an unfinished effort which has been quietly sleeping among portfolio relics for some time. It is woven together with Mr. Bryant's accustomed artistic beauty, but it is not at all like the richer productions that we love to associate with his name. The opening article of this number is a conglomerate of odds and ends from Mr. Hawthorne's private note-books. This is too bad—not necessarily the matter itself, but the idea of presenting such things to the public. For instance, of what possible advantage can it be to the world to know that on such and such days Mr. Hawthorne drove to Nahant, or walked in North Salem, or visited the burial-ground at North Ipswich? We cannot think that friends, jealous of the literary reputation of Mr. Hawthorne, could allow such extracts from private journals to be doled out like a basket of crumbs. Mr. Bayard Taylor gives the introductory chapters of a story, the title of which calls to mind S. Cobb, Jr.'s, most felicitous nomenclature, "Beauty and the Beast." It is located in Russia, which is at a convenient distance for the working up of a successful narrative. "Lucy's Letters" is a bit of a story about sorrow that may happen to a person from a mistake in the direction of letters. The story is altogether too flat for a literary monthly. "Doctor Johns" flows along as melodiously as usual, and is the real wheat among the chaff. Mrs. Stowe and Gail Hamilton have their customary "says," of course. The "Atlantic" wouldn't be the "Atlantic" without them. Their articles are on the usual subjects. "The High Tide of December" is a passable sort of a Christmas story. Mr. Trowbridge spins a commonplace about "The Wilderness," and Mr. Hiram Rich suffers to be printed a poem that must have been intended for a college magazine. Charles Reade's story winds along with interest, and a little review of Robertson's sermons is the only vigorous writing in the number. The "Atlantic" is not at all up to the standard of American literature as it is to-day. The Boston "clique" seems either to have written itself out, or to have become too indolent for effort.

"HOURS AT HOME" for January opens with a severe criticism of Dr. Draper's "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" from a religious standpoint; the writer takes exception throughout to the material tendency of the book, and states his own belief, in distinction from that of Dr. Draper, to be that "in the last analysis only a pure religion can make a prosperous and permanent commonwealth." "Notions about Names," by Prof. Anson J. Upson, is an attractive paper, and particularly interesting for the facts it contains concerning the names of places in this country. Miss E. Stuart Phelps contributes a story entitled "Dolly Dryden's Christmas," which is barely readable. The plot is not new, and the style is quite commonplace. Mr. G. M. Towle's sketch of "The Late Viscount Palmerston" is discriminating, but comes rather late in the day. Mr. H. T. Tuckerman's paper on "Magnanimity" is a plea for the exercise of

that virtue by the nation at the present time, and, as such, deserving of commendation. Young writers and country editors will gain some valuable hints from Prof. W. C. Conant's views on "Typographical Elocution," particularly in the matter of the free use of italics and capitals. Prof. Noah Porter's account of his visit to Low-Wood Inn is entertaining and gracefully written. The other articles in this number of "Hours at Home" are as follows: "A Dream of the Beautiful" (a poem), by William Gilmore Simms; "Gustavus Adolphus," by Archbishop Trench; "Geoffrey, the Lollard," by Frances Eastwood; "Port Royal des Champs," by Anne Ghearnan; "Until Evening," by M. A. Alden; "The Cedars of Lebanon," by Frances Eastwood; "Patriotic Record of Harvard College," by J. C. Ropes; "Three Years" (a poem), by Prof. A. J. Curtis; "Short Sermons for Sunday-school Teachers," by Rev. C. S. Robinson; "The Child on the Judgment Seat" (a poem), by Mrs. Charles; "The Giant Cities of Bashan," by Rev. J. M. Sherwood.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE."—All the magazines are evidently suffering for the want of really good matter. This is owing in great part, doubtless, to the fact that the leading weekly journals are attracting the choice efforts of the old magazine writers. Still, "Harper" for January comes to us with popular and varied contents. "A Spot Revisited" is a charming little poem, with an illustration to suit. There is a good deal of humor in the illustrated article entitled "More Witnesses," as also in "Typographical Errors." Very readable is an article upon "Birds," and likewise the "Recollections of Palmerston." The main illustrated article is on the "British Route for a Pacific Railroad." A pretty winter poem opens the number, and for stories there is the usual complement. "In Memory" is a musical poem in honor of the soldiers who have died for the country. There is some pleasant talk about the increase of critical literature in this country in the "Easy Chair," while an announcement on the cover informs us that the "Monthly Record of Current Events"—which was once an acceptable feature of "Harper"—is to be revived.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS."—The January number of this attractive magazine is fully equal to any of its predecessors. It contains articles from Mrs. L. Maria Child, Gail Hamilton, Rose Terry, Mrs. Stowe, and Jean Ingelow, all of whom seem to possess the rare faculty of writing for children in an interesting manner. "The Hen that Hatched Ducks," by Mrs. Stowe, is a capital story for the little folks, just as Mayne Reid's yarn on "An Adventure in the Vermilion Sea" is prosy and stupid. The present issue contains a picture of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and two small dogs; the likenesses are, we believe, perfect.

THE "ECLECTIC" and "CATHOLIC WORLD" for January appear in good season. They show what can be done with scissors and paste, and nothing more.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

A VERY handsome book is the illustrated edition of poor Adelaide Procter's first volume, "Legends and Lyrics," of which Messrs. Bell & Daldy are the London, and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields the American, publishers. It contains twenty full-page designs, by some of the best English artists, as G. H. Thomas, T. Morten, John Tenniel, J. D. Watson, G. Du Maurier, W. P. Burton, J. M. Garrick, M. E. Edwards, and William H. Millais. The best of these are, "Life and Death," "The Wayside Inn," "A Legend of Bregenz" (the last is especially noticeable for the skill with which it is cut, and the admirable way in which it is printed), "Sowing and Reaping," "A Legend of Florence," "The Requital," "In the Wood," "Discouraged"—a wooded landscape, with a burning sky, which is very cleverly rendered—"A Comforter," and "Expectation." The last, which is by M. E. Edwards, and represents three king's daughters on a terrace by the sea, is, perhaps, the finest of all. There is something weird and strange in it, quite beyond the poem it illustrates, which hardly rises above the commonplace. Miss Procter was not a great poet, but her verse had a certain grace and sweetness of its own which, in certain moods, is charming. We know of no one precisely like her among all the female poets of England. Were she much less a poet than she is, however, we should like her

for the sake of her noble old father, who is, by all odds, the finest lyrical writer of our time. Mr. Charles Dickens furnishes an introduction, we had almost forgotten to say, which is not so good as it should be, though pleasantly enough written. We felt, while reading it, as while reading the somewhat similar paper which Mr. Dickens wrote for the "Cornhill" on the death of Thackeray, that he felt as if something of the sort was expected of him, but that his heart was not in it; it was not done cheerfully and cordially—certainly not in the spirit with which Thackeray would have written of him. Not the least of the attractions of the volume, in our eyes, is the portrait of Miss Procter, a very fine steel engraving, with a wonderful air of *resemblance*. She could hardly have been considered beautiful, we think, but her face was a very interesting one, alive with sensibility, and saddened, as it seems, with sickness and thought. It is a face to remember.

THE following lines, written by a gentleman in this city, will doubtless interest the readers of THE ROUND TABLE:

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR.

Toll, gently toll the passing bell
For the year that dies to-day;
Ring softly out a last farewell
As it gasps its life away.
Slowly and sadly it leaves alone,
Joining the years that are past and gone,
Sighing for work that it might have done
And for joys that might have been.
And now the New Year ring in—
Quickly and merrily,
Lightly and cheerily;
Ere quite the dirge is done
Be the new peal begun,
Lest the New Year should know
Aught of the dead one's woe.
Wreath its young brow with Hope's garland green;
But, alas! for the joys that might have been.

Oh! brightly glistens the trackless snow
In the rays of the wintry sun,
And joyous hearts in their youthful glow
Greet the year that is just begun.
But slowly the snow-wreaths melt away,
The ice-drops fall from the leafless spray,
And the winter's white glory is gone,
And the bleak winds whistle and moan
Coldly and drearily,
Sadly and wearily.
The shivering year looks on
The work that the old has done,
And a chill strikes to its breast,
With a strange, new fear oppress.
Alas! for the snow so quickly seen,
And alas! for the joys that might have been.

Vain fears, vain sorrows; for quickly see
Here cometh the gentle Spring,
And clothes with new verdure each leafless tree,
And round her sweet flowers doth fling.
Kindly she waketh the earth again,
And the earth is glad of her joyous reign;
Then the rosy summer comes in her train,
And the autumn brings its store,
And the blest year sighs no more.
Joyfully, hopefully,
Gladly and thankfully,
Bearing the harvest home,
See the tired reapers come;
And the winter time brings rest,
Cold and dark, yet not unblest.
Yet the year, as it dies, sighs the new one in
With alas! for the joys that might have been.

Thus for the work that has been done
And the work that might have been,
Earth has but sighs as the year is gone
That in hope and joy came in.
But the last shall usher a glad year in,
Joyful and endless and free from sin;
Pleasure unfading shall then begin,
And the good seed that on earth was sown
Shall be gathered all ripe and grown,
Safely and carefully,
Gladly and joyfully,
Never to feel again
Earth's wintry fear and pain;
And thus the End shall bring
More than the hopes of spring.
Wreaths of fair garlands, than Hope's more green—
More than the joys that on earth might have been.

A. L.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS publish a charming edition of that best of all the "Pleasure" poems, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," with fifteen illustrations by well-known English artists, as Samuel Palmer, J. D. Watson, Alfred Cooper, E. M. Wimperis, and J. W. Keyl, not forgetting a number of delightful little vignettes which we recognize as Stothard's, who was very happy in trifles of the sort, particularly in young children. The largest of the fifteen illustrations proper are done by a process which is new in England, but which has been in use, we believe, for several years here. It is thus described in the publisher's preface: "The drawing is made with an etching-needle, or any suitable point, upon

a glass plate spread with collodion. It is then photographed upon a prepared surface of wax, and from this surface an electrotype is formed in relief, which is printed with the type. By these means the artist's own work is preserved; and though it may be impossible for this process to rival the delicacy of a good engraving upon wood, yet it can lay claim to an accurate fidelity which can only be equalled by etchings upon copper." The engravings produced by this process are so like etchings that they might well pass for them. The best in this instance is the bit of dense woodland scenery on page 14, not overlooking the pretty little boy apparently astray therein; the fir-tree on page 18, a noble old tree, the lower branch of which, however, is much too long; the open country landscape on page 21; the blasted heath on page 28; and the heath-cock on page 45. The figure-pieces are not so successful. Altogether the volume is a pretty one, and will be a favorite among those who are content to have a single poem by a famous author.

MR. G. W. CARLETON has just published a small quarto of verse, of the "Nothing to Wear" order, by Mr. H. T. Sperry, with illustrations by Mr. Augustus Hoppin. We have not found time to read Mr. Sperry's rhymes, but we have looked over Mr. Hoppin's designs, of which there are nineteen in all, with pleasure. They have the defects and the merits of his usual style, the latter, we think, preponderating in this instance. The most notable of his drawings are these: the young countryman, perched on a cart, under an umbrella, facing page 10; the sleeping figure in the car, facing page 16; the glimpse of a Broadway store, let us say Stewart's, facing page 20; the ball-room scene, facing page 42; the party-supper, facing page 46; the comical group of "colored Americans of African descent," facing page 48; the figures in the carriage, facing page 72; and the wounded officer, facing page 76. The country relations in the sixth design are overdone, as are also the sewing women in the fifteenth.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. are the American publishers of a remarkably beautiful English edition of "The New Testament," the specialty of which is its engravings on wood after the old masters, mostly of the Italian school—such names, for instance, as Andrea Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Leonardi da Vinci, Pietro Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, etc. Besides these picture-subjects, if we may call them such, each page is decorated with borders, ornaments, and initial letters, copied from the finest Italian manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They also publish "The Life of Man Symbolized in the Months of the Year," a magnificent quarto, containing twenty-five full-page illustrations, and hundreds of marginal devices, initial letters, tail-pieces, etc., engraved from original designs by John Leighton. If there be anything finer than these volumes we have yet to see them.

THE Brothers Dalziel have done more for the art of wood-engraving within the last few years than all the rest of the wood-engravers of England put together. Of one of their works, "A Round of Days," we have already spoken; a second, "The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha," has just reached this country, Messrs. Roberts Brothers publishing an edition of it, which, we trust, is not a limited one. The majority of holiday books are for the season when they appear; and, that once past, we seldom care to see them again. A volume like this, however, is for no year and no season, but "for all time." It contains one hundred illustrations by A. B. Houghton, an admirable artist, of whom it is but feeble praise to say that he has entered deeply into the spirit of the immortal prose-epic of Cervantes. The adventures of the poor, crazed old knight, who was a gentleman if there ever was one, in spite of his shattered mind, have inspired the pencils of innumerable artists, but, with the exception of Doré, we know of none who has illustrated them so happily as Mr. Houghton. The number of his drawings, and their great variety, prevent us from going over them in detail as we should like to; still, we must mention a few which particularly struck us. The chief of these are the frontispiece, which represents the old knight as standing up in his stirrups, his good lance in his right hand, and his left extended; the figure of the shepherdess on page 67; the tattered knight and Don Quixote on page 135; the parting of Sancho Panza and his master on page 153; the superb group of the innkeeper, priest, and bystanders on page 201; the listener on page 211; the noble Spanish figures on page 219; the man and woman struggling together on page 223; the Rembrandtesque captive on page 249; the magnificent group of sitting and standing figures on page 313, particularly the old Don, the insanity of whose face is alive with genius; the three figures on page 335, especially the priest, "a sleek, oily man of God;" the fat woman on page 379; the falling figure of Don Quixote on page 401; the Don on horseback on page 411; the half-

length of Sancho on page 423, and the same on his donkey on page 431; the faces on page 465; the figures in the boat on page 483; the merry duchess on page 503; the night group on page 585; the group on page 669; and "last scene of all this strange, eventful history," Don Quixote on his death-bed, as still and sorrowful in his last sleep as poor, discredited old Lear. This is the merest catalogue-work, but it is all that we can do for this noble book at so late a day. The engravers have done their work admirably, of course; whether their style or manner, which rather resembles etching than ordinary wood-engraving, is the best that could be followed, is a question for the critics to decide. We think it is destined to revolutionize the whole art of wood-engraving. Of the literature of the volume we need say nothing, save that the translation in the present instance is that of Charles Jarvis, which, we believe, ranks among the best, if, indeed, not the best itself.

FOREIGN.

MR. THOMAS HOOD has just published a volume of nursery rhymes, under the title of "Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks." We copy one of the best of them:

"PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

"Our old cat has kittens three,
What do you think their names should be?"

"One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender;
But into a temper she quickly flies
If you ever by chance offend her.

I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now don't you fancy 'Pepper-pot'
A nice name for a cat?"

"One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too;
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.

I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy 'Sootikin'
A nice name for a cat?"

"One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him;
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!
I think we shall call him this—
I think we shall call him that;
Now, don't you fancy 'Scratchaway'
A nice name for a cat?"

"Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be:
'Pepper-pot'—'Sootikin'—'Scratchaway'—there!
Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother—now, what do you think?
'Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink!'"

LORD SHAFTESBURY on one occasion was examining a girl's school, and just as he was about to take leave, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and among other things inquired, "Who made your vile body?" "Please, my lord," responded the unsophisticated girl, "Betsy Jones made my body, but I made the skirt myself."

A similar reply is recorded of another charity scholar, who was under examination in the Psalms, "What is the pestilence that walketh by darkness?" "Please, sir, bugs."

THE "Gentleman's Magazine," which completed its one hundred and thirty-fifth year with the December number, has passed into new hands, and will in future be published by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the publishers of *Punch*. Mr. E. Walford, of Balliol College, will probably be its editor and proprietor.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER is thrice as happy as "Jephtha, Judge of Israel," in that he has three daughters who have inherited their father's accomplishment of verse. They have recently published "Poems by Three Sisters," a new edition of which will soon be brought out, with additions, in the shape of translations from the Swedish, the poems translated being written by the present royal family of Sweden.

A PEN which once belonged to Schiller was sold, not long since, at a sale of autographs in Germany, and realized about sixty cents.

THE second volume of "The Life of Cæsar," by Napoleon the Third, is in type, and copies are said to be in the hands of translators. The first volume has appeared in seven or eight different languages.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE," illustrated with twenty-four wood-engravings, by Linton, from drawings by J. G. Thompson, is one of the English holiday books of the present season.

THE monument erected to the late W. M. Thackeray, at Westminster Abbey, has just been uncovered in the presence of his daughters. It consists of a bust, by Baron Marochetti, upon a base of red serpentine, mounted on a

support of bronze, which bears the name of the great novelist, and the dates of his birth and death. Its location is in the south transept, behind the statue of Addison. A couple of his relics are on sale in London—a pocket Horace, constantly used by him, and a volume of sketches, evidently the productions of his youth.

THE early volume of Tennyson's of which we wrote a couple of weeks since, contains, among other things not in the collected edition of his works, the following sonnets:

"Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown
From his loved fount upon the echoing lea;
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.
Mine be the power which ever to its way
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into incongenial spirits flow:
Even as the great Gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico."

"SONNET.

"WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

"Blow ye the trumpet, gather from afar
The hosts to battle; be not bought and sold.
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;
Break through your iron shackles, fling them far.
O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to this strength among his deserts cold:
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war!
Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Zobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell and fled before—
Than when Zamoyeski smote the Tatar Khan;
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian."

Between these sonnets, the last of which suggests the solemn music of Milton, we have this bit of nonsense:

"SONG.

"Who can say
Why to-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to-morrow
The violet recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme."

"Maud," the readers of Tennyson may like to know, is an early production. We felt sure of the fact when the poem was first published, it was so unworthy of the poet; we remembered, also, a statement in Mr. Thomas Powell's "Living Authors of England" (New York, 1849), that Tennyson had printed, but suppressed, a work entitled "The Lover's Tale." *Proof*, however, was still wanting but it turned up recently in a copy of "The Tribute: A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, by various Authors,"—a volume edited by Lord Northampton, and published by John Murray, in 1837 (four years after the Moxon volume, from which we have quoted above)—for the benefit of the family of the Rev. Edward Smedley. Seven pages of this volume are occupied by "Stanzas, by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.," which stanzas are the portion of "Maud" beginning

"O that 'twere possible."

It consists of ninety-eight lines in the "Maud" of to-day; in "The Tribute" it amounts to one hundred and ten lines. The difference between the two copies is mostly verbal, with now and then a transposition of the stanzas. The reading of the last three was originally as follows:

"I can shadow forth my bride,
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I would her for my wife:
She is lovely by my side,
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

"'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Though its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood
That is moved not of the will.

"Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
Then I lose it; it will fly.
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade, and fall, and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light, by golden gates—
Clad in light, the spirit waits,
To embrace me in the sky."

So ends, for this week, our bibliography of Tennyson.

MADAME DE BOISSY, Byron's Countess of Guicciola, is

reported to have placed her correspondence with the noble poet at the disposal of M. de Lamartine, who will use it in his "Life of Byron," now appearing in the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*.

THE new volume of the Varnhagen MSS. contains the correspondence with Stägemann, Prince Metternich, Heine, and Bettina von Arnim.

THE literature of Fenianism has lately had an accession to its rather scanty stores in the shape of a volume which is entitled "Street Ballads, Popular Poetry, and Household Songs of Ireland," and which contains a good deal that is meritorious—among other things, the following song, by Mr. Charles J. Kickham, of Mullinahone, the same Mr. Kickham, we presume, who was arrested with the great Head Center, Stephens.

"PATRICK SHEEHAN.

"My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents,
But now they're lying low;
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

"My father died: I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door;
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before!
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

"For three long months, in search of work,
I wandered far and near;
I went then to the poor-house,
For to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart;
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

"Bereft of home and kith and kin,
With plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know
'Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up, there," says the corporal,
'You lazy Irish hound;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call "to arms," sound?'
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days, long, long ago;
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

"I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night!
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind,
My tears began to flow;
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

"O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale;
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary gaol;
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow!"

PERSONAL.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON will commence a new serial tale in the January number of "Macmillan's Magazine," entitled "Old Sir Douglas."

MRS. OLIPHANT will begin a new tale in the January number of "Good Words." Its title is to be "Madonna Mary: A Story of English Life."

M. JOSEPH MARIE QUERARD, the well-known bibliographer, author of "La France Littéraire," and numerous other bibliographical works, died on the 1st instant, at Paris, at the age of sixty-eight.

M. LAMARTINE is about to publish a new novel in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, entitled "La Mère."

DR. EDW. VELMAR, of Gotha, has lately published, for the first time, in the original Arabic, "Abulfathi Annales Samaritani," MS. copies of which are in the Bodleian Library, as well as the national libraries of Paris and Berlin. The book was written in the fourteenth century. A German translation is expected.

MRS. GASKELL had just begun to earn the full reward of her literary labors when she died. She had saved a considerable sum of money, and was planning a pleasant surprise for her husband, by taking him to a pretty house which they loved, and which she had purchased without

his knowledge, when "the shadow feared of man" crossed her path. The last thing that she wrote was a little story for the Christmas number of "All the Year Round," and which will be one of "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions."

THE late Lady Theresa Lewis, whose death we chronicled last week, was not, we learn from the *Reader*, the authoress of "The Semi-attached Couple," and "The Semi-detached House," but merely the literary *chaperon* of the Hon. Miss Eden, the daughter of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who did write them.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, author of "English Writers before Chaucer," and other excellent works, has been appointed professor of English language and literature, in place of Prof. Masson.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. BUNCE & HUNTINGTON announce "Charles Lamb: His Friends, his Haunts, and his Books," by Percy Fitzgerald, author of "Life of Lawrence Sterne," etc.

MR. G. W. CARLETON has in the press "Songs of the Woods and Streets," by Victor Hugo; a new novel by A. S. Roe; and a new work by Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc.

M. G. GUIFFREY has in the press "Unpublished Letters of Diana de Poitiers."

THE Princess de Solms will shortly publish "A Trap for Husbands."

M. MERY has nearly ready two new works, "The Hapiness of Great Artists" and "The Prima Donna."

FROM the Riverside Press we have "The Diary of David How, a Soldier in the Massachusetts line from Dec. 27, 1775, until Jan. 15, 1777, and from Sept. 29 until Nov. 7, 1777, from the original manuscript." This elegantly printed octavo of fifty-one pages forms the fourth part of Mr. Henry B. Dawson's "Gleanings from the Harvest-Field of American History," and, in its annotation and general preparation, evinces the same thoroughness of research that characterizes all of Mr. Dawson's works. The "Diary" itself is one of those unassuming private records not unfrequently kept by the "common soldier" which give us, despite their brevity and uncountness of style, such interesting glimpses of army life among the rank and file, and which, on that account, are recognized by students as among the most valuable materials of history. The "Diary" is prefaced with a well-written biographical memoir of the author by G. W. Chase, the author of the "History of Haverhill, Mass.," in which town Mr. How subsequently spent a long and prosperous life. The edition of this work is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and was long since entirely taken up, we believe.

A book entitled "The Early History of Southampton, L. I.," by the Rev. George R. Howell, will soon be issued from the press of John F. Trow, and for subscribers only. It will contain a history of the settlement in 1640, and of the foundation of the church in the same year, information concerning the manners, customs, and doings of the early settlers, and genealogies, more or less complete, of Southampton families.

MR. WILLIAM S. PELLETREAU, of the same town, is also engaged on a revised and much enlarged edition of the "Genealogy of the Pelletreau Family," which will be published during the present winter.

A R T.

ART NOTES.

CHRISTMAS WEEK is not a favorable time to select for making a raid upon the artists in their studios. Many of them are likely to be out of town for a few days at this season; on which account, instead of risking locked doors, the slates upon which announce brief absences of the owners, we took a turn, lately, through some of the galleries of the art establishments—a few notes of the pictures to be seen in which we append herewith.

At Goupil's they seem to have had a busy time of it this Christmas week. Trifles of all kinds connected with art—and many things that cannot be considered as trifles—appear to go off very rapidly in the gift line just now. There are many excellent photographs from some of the most famous pictures of the day now to be had here. We will instance that from Gérôme's picture of the "Muezzin," and the one from that wonderful work of his entitled "L'Al-mée." Nor should we forget to note that capital one of Napoleon III. from Cabanel's portrait, which is said to be the best likeness of the Emperor yet painted.

In the Goupil gallery, upstairs, there are several choice works of art now on exhibition.

A fox-hound, painted by Rosa Bonheur, is well worth the consideration of connoisseurs. It is full of truth, life,

expression, and anatomical correctness. There is not an artist living who so well seizes the individuality of animals as the Chevalier Rosa Bonheur (why should we not give her the title that she has so fairly won?) The background of this picture is suggested with admirable skill.

A remarkably fine landscape by James M. Hart is that one giving a stretch of *paysage* near Cayuga Lake. In foliage, atmosphere, and attention to nature's details, James Hart is excelled by few landscape painters of the day.

For a wonder, Verboeckhoven has gone away from his sheep-tracks, and taken a turn to the stables. There is a life-size portrait of a white horse here, from his pencil—the head and neck of the animal, only, seen at a stable window. It lacks the truth with which the late Herring used to paint his horses' heads, but gives, nevertheless, a good idealization of animal countenance.

More spirited than anything ever painted by Verboeckhoven in the wool line, is a small picture by Brascassat, representing sheep surprised by a wolf, who is throttling one of them with savage fury. The others are tumbling over each other, pell-mell, in a hurry of terror and confusion. This picture is admirable for the action that is in it.

"On the Balcony," by Schlesinger, is a very pleasing example of that artist. It presents to us a magnificent girl of the Spanish type, with a black lace veil and heavy tissues of drapery, the painting of which is very fine. The color in this picture is glorious.

A small landscape by Shattuck—trees, and river, and struggling moon, and drifting clouds, and red light streaming from a cottage window into the gray night—is a charming little gem of its kind.

"The Duel," by Tissot, is a remarkable picture of the extra Pre-Raphaelite school. It represents a court-yard, under a trellised canopy, in which quiet resting-place two gentlemen are at fierce issue with each other, *rapide à la main*. The lady who stands by the balustrade has a tearful face, very finely expressed. She shows wonderful self-possession under the circumstances, however, and, if we read her face rightly, is willing that the younger cavalier—who has a fiery red head, by the way—should have his chance to settle the elder, on whose manor he evidently has been poaching. The crushed letter lying at the lady's feet has a tell-tale look.

Otto Weber's large picture of Highland cattle possesses much merit. The landscape is cabbagey, and hardly redolent of Scottish hills, but the cattle are well grouped, drawn, and painted, reminding one somewhat of Rosa Bonheur's "Morning in the Highlands."

"Le Philosophe," by Brillouin, is a highly finished little gem in the manner of Meissonnier. The old gentleman studying is somewhat of a caricature, and recalls to us the "Dr. Syntax" of Rowlandson. First-rate perception of character is indispensable to the value of works of this class, and we hardly think that the artist has caught it in this instance; but his manipulation deserves praise.

There is a curious emblematical picture here, by Merle, intended to embody the idea of "the chase." The figures are of the cupid kind, nude, and armed with bows and arrows. The "vaulting ambition" of the artist appears rather to have "o'erleaped itself" in this picture, but the dead birds and hare in the foreground are painted with great skill.

The pretty child weeping over the cage in which lies the dead canary is a good example of the school to which Meyer von Bremen belongs. There is breadth in it, and a certain pearly tone that accords pleasingly with the sentiment.

Plassan is here with one of his little figure pieces—a proper cavalier with two stately ladies. This little picture is full of charming color.

"The Laundress," by Bakkerkorf, is a picture of an extremely pretty *blanchisseur*, engaged in doing something with linen which it is out of the power of the present writer to define.

There is a good deal of poetry in a small figure-piece by Jalabert, which is worth looking at more than once. The story is that of Orpheus with his lyre—the scene a wood. Many graceful women are grouped about among the rocks, fascinated, apparently, by the strains of the lyrist, who sits far away in a glade touching the magic strings. This picture displays exquisite finish, and is a pearly tribute to the influence of poetry upon the female mind.

"The Foundling," by Salentin, is a picture of large size and great merit. It includes fifteen figures, the central one of the group being an old woman with a basket containing an infant in her lap. There is a sealed letter in the basket, doubtless containing directions with regard to the disposal of the "little stranger," upon whom all eyes are turned with "intensity of interest that is very well expressed."

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

THE ROUND TABLE TO ITS FRIENDS.

THREE Christmas festivals have come and gone since this journal had its beginning. Of all the enterprises projected in the war-clouded year of 1863 we believe that none was looked upon as more hazardous than that which the conductors of THE ROUND TABLE announced. Many predicted its total failure within three months. Not a few experienced journalists expressed their belief that a few issues would show the impracticability of the project. As there had never been a thoroughly impartial and high-toned critical weekly in the country, so were there few to advocate its feasibility. It was said that the taste of the people had been directed in such different channels that it could not be changed or checked. Literary men did not see how they could afford to write for such a weekly, since they considered it impossible for its receipts to justify any considerable outlay for literary work. Others said that, in a country where opinions are so soon classed with a party, there could be no strictly independent course. Furthermore, it was not believed that our country could furnish writers who could do for American literature what the ability and vigor of the English weeklies have done for British literature.

The first number of the paper appeared December 19, 1863. The opening article, entitled "A Word for Candor in Politics," indicated at once the independent political position to be taken by the journal, and a critical review of "Renan's Life of Jesus" made known its literary purpose. Soon after the appearance of the first number the weight of war began to press down most heavily upon every class of publishers—either of books or of newspapers. The prices of paper and printing advanced enormously, compelling unpleasant expedients on the part of nearly all the papers. For seven months THE ROUND TABLE bore the burden as best it could, witnessing during that time the retirement of a number of older and more firmly established journals. The friends that gathered to the support of the enterprise were not few, nor will they soon be forgotten. Again prices advanced, and the question of publishing such a paper until it should be thoroughly established became a simple matter of great loss, or the lowering of its standard to the level of other weeklies. The first alternative was for a time considered; the last not for a moment. At length, retaining full faith in the feasibility of the original plan—indeed, with increased confidence in the desire of the more cultivated classes to sustain a dignified and critical weekly—the proprietors of THE ROUND TABLE decided to suspend its publication until such time as more favoring circumstances might render its success less doubtful. In accordance with this decision the issue for July 23, 1864, contained the announcement of the temporary suspension of THE ROUND TABLE. All the money that had been advanced upon subscriptions was returned, and all contracts for advertisements were satisfactorily adjusted. The writers for THE ROUND TABLE during the first

seven months comprised very many prominent names—representatives of nearly every shade of thought and opinion—and these, without exception, promised to renew their services whenever the publication should be resumed. How many kindly and regretful words reached the publishers from every part of the country when it was known that THE ROUND TABLE had suspended publication, these columns would not suffice to contain. And here it is no more than just to say that the amount of money expended in this first attempt was very large. Perhaps no literary enterprise ever projected in this country has been carried forward under greater disadvantages, and the wonder is now, in view of the condition of the country at that time, not that it was decided to stop, but that its suspension did not take place sooner. It was deemed exceedingly important, however, that the attempt should be persisted in to the last, lest, through a misunderstanding of the circumstances, future ventures of like character might find even less encouragement.

A year rolled around, and the country was relieved of war. Although appreciating fully that it must, of necessity, be a long time before the cost of publishing a first-class weekly could be reduced, yet, in accordance with a promise made in good faith, the proprietors of THE ROUND TABLE deemed it best to resume their original project. And this in view of the proposed establishment of other weekly papers to be devoted to the advocacy of special causes. From that moment to this the enterprise has been a success. Printers and paper-makers have labored with a real pride to make it comely and neat; the old writers, re-enforced by many new ones, have caught the spirit of the paper with kindly endeavor; nearly all the old subscribers, with many additions, are enrolled on the subscription-books; the weekly sales are double what they were in the olden time, and increasing week by week; the book publishers have manifested a generous zeal in crowding the advertising columns with their announcements, and from all parts of the Union come appreciative words from those who are disposed to welcome a truly national and impartial paper. With no means of actual knowledge, the conductors of this journal venture the belief that its circulation at the present time is one-third larger than that of any literary weekly at all presuming to aspire to its standard that has ever been published in this country. In saying this, they cannot but feel that this is a matter of congratulation, not merely for themselves, but for all lovers of are fined and independent literature. So much for what has been already accomplished.

THE ROUND TABLE will commence a new volume with the new year. Notwithstanding every item connected with the production of the paper is more costly than at any previous time, there will be no holding back wherever and whenever anything can be done to add to its value. What of merit there may have been in it in the past must foreshadow that which is to be. As at the start, two years ago, so now and for the future, the one great idea of the paper is to criticise intelligently and fairly whatever may be of national value and interest. The names of writers will not be trumpeted before the public, nor will any special cause be advocated. If ever there was a time when vigorous and independent discussions were needed in all matters relating to society, literature, art, or politics, that time is the present. Such discussions this paper purposes to place before its readers. And in doing so, it will seek rather to create fraternal feeling among all the states of the Union than to embitter by calling to memory events and troubles that may have thrown a cloud over the past. Most of all, the conductors of THE ROUND TA-

BLE desire to lend as much of aid as may be in their power towards the dignifying of the current and standard literature of our great and growing republic.

ANNUS MIRABILIS 1865.

EVERY year, no doubt, is a year of marvels. The chain, we are told, is no stronger than its weakest link, and who can say whether some unremembered twelvemonth in the annals of the Greek Empire or the Abbassid Caliphs may not be as important in the great chain of days and years which stretches from Genesis to the Apocalypse, from the Alpha of Eden to the Omega of Armageddon, as the most animated and eventful and glittering annual round of Cæsarean or Napoleonic story?

But without entering into comparisons or expatiating upon things possible, what a wonderful twelvemonth is that upon which we look back to-day almost for the last time! Yet a little while, and the January and the December of eighteen hundred and sixty-five will meet in the under-world—the January that came and went in battle and in storm, the December that was born in thanksgiving and passed away amid the echoes of the song of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" How much have they left us of pain and joy, of ripened harvests and of pregnant seed, these months and their train!

The year began in war. All men the world over, save the few who really knew how sorely the Confederate States had been pressed down and shattered by the persistent campaigning of the indefatigable Grant, looked upon the conflict between the South and the North as one to wear itself on for an indefinite time to come. Now it is all clear to the dullest among us, looking back. Then the wisest, looking forward, doubted still and feared! But ere the blossoms had fairly budded on the trees, or the birds begun to celebrate the coming spring, there came a mighty crash, which jarred the world; and suddenly as in April, 1861, the war had broken forth in thunder over an astounded people, in April, 1865, peace flashed "a sudden jubilant ray" through the clouds. In times to come men will feel and wonder at those dramatic days of April around Farmville, in Virginia, as one of the most startling denouements ever reached by a grand historic tragedy. Our own senses and perceptions have been so dulled by the incessant recurrence of amazing and affecting events in cotemporaneous history that, even when we pause to-day to review the scenes from which we are emerging, we can only imperfectly and inadequately represent to ourselves their real emphasis and effect in what we may call the art-plan of the world's experience. For, close upon this crowning electrical splendor of peace which came upon us, an "unfathomed flame" and "breaking out of night," there followed a gloom not less sudden, not less imposing. Ere the battle-flags were furled, and almost before the rescued nation could say, "It lightens," this sunburst of April was swallowed up in the blackness of the blackest deed which our continent and our century have seen. The President of whom Mr. Seward, with an almost impious assumption of prophetic certainty, had protested that he *must* live to be President of all the "United States," was smitten down by the hand of an assassin at the very moment when this prediction seemed about to be perfectly fulfilled.

"Ah! what a blow, that made the nation tremble
And groan from shore to shore!"

The close of the great civil war, the murder of a republican President in the hour of the republic's thankfulness and victory—these things alone were surely marked and memorable enough to make a single twelvemonth prominent in the chronicles of men. But the year 1865, which wears for ever this glory and this shame, passes into the records of time with another title to renown not less imposing, and linked alike with the peace of Virginia and with the crime of Washington City. The year which saw the American Constitution purged, by a solemn act of the American states in their sovereign capacity, of the one great scandal and peril bequeathed to us by our ancestors, is indeed an epoch in the history of humanity and of civilization. "I tremble for my country," wrote Thomas Jefferson years ago, saddened and alarmed by the growth of human slavery in his time among us,

and roused by the first angry clash of that accursed system against the spirit of the age "as by a fire-bell in the night"—"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." How fearfully—yet how blessedly, too—has the statesman's premonition been vindicated? God has, indeed, asserted his justice in blood and flame; but in asserting his justice has he not also remembered his mercy?

Still nearer to our own times, an English poet, filled with admiration of our political institutions, but possessed, also, with a passionate hatred of this great social curse and anomaly branded upon our brows, sang in warning strains of

"That dark cloud of slaves
Which yet may rise
And blot the bannered stars
From freedom's skies."

Who now shall fitly sing the providential response to this ominous canticle—the scattering of the dark cloud, the purer and more victorious splendor of the unblotted stars, shining brighter and fairer now than ever before from Freedom's cleared and lifted skies?

Into these transcendent events of the past year all its history seems, as we look back, to be absorbed and swallowed up. Yet has it been far, very far, from unnotable. It has opened the way in Europe for grave and momentous changes in the internal and external policy of the greatest European nations. By the triumph of force over right in the assault of Germany upon Denmark it has shaken the inmost pillars of international law, and made future changes of the map of Europe contingent once more, as of old such changes were, upon the ambition and the necessities of princes and of peoples. By the death of Lord Palmerston in England it has overthrown that equilibrium of parties which had so long delayed the onward movement of British social and political reform. By the death of King Leopold in Belgium it has thrown the most seductive of all the prizes attainable by France once more into the lottery of events, and taken from the councils of the western powers a voice than which none, in our time, has been more potent for moderation, and more effective to restrain both princely and popular folly on the widest stage of human affairs.

A year of consummation, it has thus, as we see, proved itself a year of initiation also. The "old order changes, giving place to new;" and, beholding to what ends of glorious good the darkest beginnings of our recent story have in this year of 1865 been divinely overruled and shaped, how weak and poor of faith were we not cordially to hail the incoming of 1866 with confidence and hope. Forgetting not, then, the things that to-day lie behind us, let us up and press forward to the infinite future before, "heart within and God o'erhead," standing firm for all right, never dismayed by any wrong, till to each of us in his turn his own true *Annus Mirabilis* shall come—the last of Time, the first of Eternity!

ADVERTISING NUISANCES.

THE readers of the New York daily newspapers (particularly the *Tribune* and *Times*) must have noticed that there have appeared recently in these journals what are technically termed "display" advertisements, i. e., advertisements printed in very bold, conspicuous type, and frequently illustrated with cuts. Such typographical monstrosities are never allowed in the leading English dailies, and a number of American papers refuse to admit them. Among the latter there occur to us the New York *Herald*, *World*, and *Sun*, and the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The theory upon which these papers are conducted is the just and democratic one—that each advertiser is entitled to equal typographical prominence with every other, without regard to the space he may occupy. When the *Herald* was started all the daily papers then in existence admitted display advertisements, which very naturally discouraged the insertion of small notices, from which, after all, the main revenue of advertising is derived. The remarkable success of this paper shows that typographical neatness and equal justice to all advertisers, great and small, pays best in the long run. It soon outstripped all its large "blanket-sheet" competitors in business patronage as well as in circulation, and to-day it contains a larger number of small advertisements—

such as marriages and deaths, wants, *et cetera*—than any other paper in the city.

The temptation to make huge handbills of the daily papers is very great. Quack medicine venders and other people doing a large business will pay handsomely for the privilege of degrading a journal to the level of a show-bill. If the publisher be avaricious and unwise he accepts their advertisements, puts money in his pocket, and in time ruins the value of his paper as an advertising medium, simply because all persons who desire to insert short notices instinctively refrain from putting them in a journal in which they will be overshadowed by huge posters. The *Tribune* has become notorious for degrading its columns to the level of a museum programme. Nothing is more offensive to one's sense of fitness or more unpleasant to the eye than to find on the breakfast table a great, staring handbill, instead of a neatly-printed newspaper. We presume that the *Tribune* has added considerably to its receipts for the last six months by this flagrant violation of the laws of good taste, but for every dollar it now receives it will lose twenty dollars in the future. The *Times* offends in the same way, though not so flagrantly; but the error is even more gross, because by reason of its recent enlargement that paper could easily secure an advertising patronage second to that of no other journal in the city. It is remarkable that newspaper publishers will persist in depreciating the value of their property by bad management, and a sheer lack of taste. The *Express*, for instance, which, on account of the fulness of its city news and its circulation, should have ranked high as an advertising medium, has almost destroyed this portion of its business by the use of huge display type. Any monstrosity in the way of typography can be got in the papers mentioned, provided enough money be paid for it; but for the publisher it is literally putting one dollar in one pocket and subsequently taking ten dollars from the other.

Another and a still more reprehensible abuse is allowing advertisers the use of the reading columns. Among the greatest offenders in this respect are, we regret to say, the religious papers, which seem willing to do almost anything for their advertisers. It is a matter of conscience in a well conducted journal never to admit a paid puff into its news columns. But papers like the *Independent*, which in each issue states that its motto is, "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts," make no scruple of printing as regular reading matter paid puffs of sewing machines, pianos, jewelry shops, petroleum companies, and, it would seem, almost anything that an advertiser is willing to pay for. This, of course, is dishonest. Display advertisements are a violation of good taste, but when an editorial opinion is bought for money in order to forward the sale of articles of which he can have no personal knowledge, a positive crime is committed. The practice, too, of publishing as extracts from other papers puffs which are paid for as advertisements, is degrading to journalism. Like all evil practices, it must, in the end, injure the paper that admits them into its columns. It is time that the public took this matter into its own hands and persistently refused to buy a journal that will thus betray the confidence reposed in it by its readers. This course cannot be adopted a day too soon.

POSSIBLE CHANGES IN EUROPE.

THE death of King Leopold, of Belgium, may precipitate a crisis in Europe. It is no secret that Napoleon III. would risk a great deal to make the Rhine the northern boundary of France, which risk he would never have dared to incur during the reign of the prudent Leopold. Yet this policy would be right in the line of French policy and flattering to French pride. Possessed of Belgium, France would not only gain a large addition of territory and population, but also would obtain control of certain seaports which would be a natural basis of operations against England in the event of a war with that country. There are, furthermore, strong personal reasons why Napoleon would like to get rid of so convenient a place of refuge for French malcontents and refugees as Belgium has long been. The publications which are suppressed in Paris are generally revived in

Brussels, and easily find their way to France to be disseminated throughout the empire; but this would cease, in great measure, if Belgium should become a part of France, as the language of the adjoining kingdoms is the German.

The recent protracted interview between Herr von Bismarck, the prime minister of Prussia, and the Emperor Napoleon, in connection with certain acts of the latter, has led the leading journals of Europe to infer that, in the event of the seizure of Belgium by France, Prussia would offer no opposition, provided France should make no opposition to her taking possession of certain states of Northern Germany. It is the ambition of Prussia to be the leading German power, and, under the leadership of a man of such audacity and of such marked ability as Von Bismarck, it has already attained that position. It has reached it, too, in spite of circumstances and the liberal tendencies of the times, and solely by the genius of this very remarkable man. Napoleon has attributed his success to a thorough knowledge of the French character, and his care to adapt his policy to the wishes and aspirations of the people over whom he reigns. He has never pretended to take a single step in defiance of the French people. But Von Bismarck has shown a supreme contempt for the Prussians. Again and again has he defied them without losing his authority or his position.

That the death of King Leopold should be followed by important changes in the map of Europe is not at all impossible. Austria is too weak and disorganized to do more than protest against any joint movement by France and Prussia, such as that already suggested. The Russian court, with the great task of elevating twenty million serfs to freemen and citizens, cannot afford to oppose the designs of these two powers—even if it had the will to do so. Rather than that France should obtain possession of a portion of the western coast of Europe, which would endanger the security of Great Britain, the government of that nation would be willing to go to war, provided it could have any allies; but it is morally certain that no power in Europe would venture to go further than protest against the combined action of France and Prussia, and England is in no condition to cope single-handed with these two powers.

If Napoleon seriously contemplates the extension of the French empire over Belgium, such a design may have a bearing upon our own international relations, for the attempt to carry it into effect may lead to the withdrawal of the French and Belgian troops from Mexico. The Emperor would not care to risk a war with the United States if there were any danger of a war in Europe. For this reason the news from Europe will be regarded with great interest in this country for some time to come. But, aside from our own relations to the matter, it would be regarded the world over as a fitting finale to the reign of Napoleon III. if he were to revenge the memory of his uncle by destroying the last vestige of the treaties of 1815 in seizing Belgium and possessing himself of the field of Waterloo.

THE Senate is discussing a proposition for obtaining fuller and fairer reports of its proceedings for publication in the daily papers than are now printed. This discussion does not reflect much credit upon the metropolitan press. It is true that a great deal is said in both houses of Congress which is not worth reporting, but it is also true that the most important speeches and debates are oftentimes wholly overlooked by the New York dailies. All that is said is printed in full in the *Globe*, but as the dull and unimportant remarks are given as well as those that are important and interesting, and the paper has a very limited circulation, it is of little value save as an official record of the proceedings in Congress. It will be impossible for the Senate to mend the matter. An official report (as has been proposed) would not answer, since the newspapers would print or decline to print it at will. There is but one difficulty in the way of attaining the object desired, and that is the want of enterprise on the part of our daily newspapers, occasioned by the injurious monopoly known as the Associated Press, which encourages penuriousness and carelessness by preventing anything like a generous and public-spirited rivalry between the different journals.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, December 6, 1865.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

THE very great reputation which George Henry Lewes has in England for precisely those powers and that culture which are adapted to editing a first-class review, led to the formation of equally great expectations concerning the "Fortnightly Review," now upon its fifteenth number. The first one or two numbers were disappointments. There were good articles in them, but they were heavy. Some great men—notably Sir John Herschel—came forward, but they fired popguns instead of Armstrongs. The best things were Mr. Bagshot's papers on the British constitution. But as time went on, paper after paper began to claim attention for its importance, and so very interesting and forcible have been its late numbers that it must be confessed that it ranks all other English magazines unless it be "Fraser." Amongst the most noticeable articles was one by Herman Merivale, the historian, attacking the authenticity of the "Paston Letters." Since that very ingenious article was written the originals of the fifth volume of the "Paston Letters" have been discovered and laid before the Archaeological Society, where Mr. Merivale himself inspected and pronounced them genuine; so the probability is that the other four volumes (lost by George III.) were genuine also. If any one wishes to have a new light cast upon historic skepticism—to find out how much suspicion may be cast upon a thing that shall presently be proved true—let him read Merivale's article in the light of the subsequent discovery of the originals whose existence it calls in question. Another profoundly interesting article is that of Mr. Adam on consanguineous marriages. What Mr. Adam (whose name guarantees a knowledge about posterities) does is to take us with our theories and set us topsy-turvy. Ever since I read his article I have felt as if I were walking on my head. For Mr. Adam proves that the idea that deaf-muteness, sterility, and other evils come from consanguineous marriages is entirely groundless. I say "proves," for if statistics go for anything, he proves by them that 70 per cent. of the ills attributed to the intermarriages of blood-relations come of non-consanguineous marriages and that the others are remarkably exempt. He proves that among nations—as the Persians—where consanguineous marriages, even to the shocking extent of parents and children, prevail, no such bad results are indicated. And as for the analogies of nature, it is proved that the thoroughbreds, the most enduring horses, the finest oxen, the finest cows, are all bred carefully in and in; and particularly in the vegetable world that, with the exception of the orchid—whose peculiarities in this respect have been noticed by Darwin—self-fertilization is the law and rule. This article, one of the most clear and well-substantiated that I have ever read, is revolutionary, but no one has ventured to answer it. Mr. Adam believes that the general aversion to intermarriages arises from the confusion they were found to produce in the descent of property (mainly).

Who it is that writes the summary of public affairs in the "Fortnightly" is not known, nor whether it is from one pen or many. But it frequently has many liberal and important views—views vigorous and comprehensive enough to have come from its editor, George Henry Lewes.

The political articles are generally of a very high order of merit. In the number for November 1 there is an excellent article by Professor Cairnes, discussing the subject of "International Law," which gives prominence to the idea first broached in the *Daily News*, of London, that the two countries should call upon their most eminent and learned men for their opinions on the issue in question and abide by them, publishing their respective arguments. Another admirable article is one by Mr. Harrison on the "Good and Evil of Trades-Unions." The trades-unions of England constitute, perhaps, the most important feature of English society. Each trade forms a union of its members, who are banded together to support each other in claiming and maintaining a just and equitable system of wages. If anywhere capitalists try to reduce wages, and the laborers strike, it is laid before the government of their union, is discussed and overruled (if the laborers be wrong), or adopted (if they be right), and the laborers who lose their wages thus are supported, with their families, during the strike. Until these unions arose labor was at the mercy of capital; but now it is nearly the fair equal of capital. The trades-unions thus constitute a great governmental body in this country, with definite laws and officers, and is as powerful as Parliament, though Parliament—consisting of capitalists alone—has

never legalized them. Mr. Harrison shows that since these unions were organized labor has conquered in a large number of the battles which it has had with capital. He argues, however, that, though now beneficial, the existence of such institutions indicates a false, and it is to be hoped, transitional relation between employer and employee. His facts are deeply interesting, and have done much to call the attention of statesmen and publicists to the subject.

Thus you will see that the "Fortnightly" is fast catching up with the great French "Revue des Deux Mondes," which was its acknowledged standard, in the variety and importance of its articles. In closing my notice of it I do not know how I can do better than give some specimens of the nervous language in which (in the number for December 1) it expresses the shudder which is passing throughout England at the recent tidings from Jamaica. It says:

"The so-called 'negro insurrection' in Jamaica and its bloody suppression have attracted more attention than any other topic during the past fortnight, and if we do not misread the temper of the public they will employ men's minds still more, and to more purpose, when Parliament meets. The outrages of the negroes at Morant Bay have sunk into the background, and the foreground is now filled by the spectacle of the punishments inflicted indiscriminately on the colored race of the two parishes in the east end of the island by the governor, by the white West Indians, by the officers of her majesty's regular army, and by their dark allies, the Maroons, for the crimes committed in Morant Bay and the subsequent ravages of plantations. It would be hard to find, out of the annals of Poland, a series of incidents more astounding, not to say revolting, of acts committed by authority in more flagrant violation of the commonest principles of justice and of law. Standing out in bold relief, like a giant figure against a lurid sunset, is one distinct act of proscription committed in defiance of all law. The figure of Mr. George Gordon swinging on a gibbet in Morant Bay, with a background of massacre, has made an impression on the public mind far deeper even than the picture of the Maroons in their 'war paint' performing a savage dance around the dangling bodies of a score of 'rebels,' or than the brutal carnage in and around Morant court-house. These are strong assertions, and these assertions we mean to justify out of the official dispatches. For the honor, and credit, and good name of England are involved, and these must be vindicated, either by the production, on the part of the Jamaica authorities, of ample warrant for what they have done, or by a disavowal of what they have done on the part and in the name of the imperial government."

THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

This gentleman was entertained by his constituents on Monday evening at a dinner. Charles Buxton, M.P., was chairman, and, in his speech, spoke on the affairs of Jamaica. The question was, he said, had the outbreak been suppressed with needless and shocking cruelty, or, on the contrary, was it the fact that the tremendous severity which, by Governor Eyre's own admission, had been exercised, was justified by what had been spoken of as the "extreme peril of the hour?" That was a mere question of facts and dates, and we need turn to nothing whatever except the official dispatches of Governor Eyre and his colleagues. He affirmed, and on the ground of Governor Eyre's dispatches he utterly defied contradiction, that when the severities, or, as he called them, the atrocious cruelties, were committed, there was not the least shadow of justification for them upon the ground that, at the time, there was any apprehension whatever for the safety of the colony from any further outbreak on the part of the negroes. The honorable gentleman brought his remarks to a close by expressing his opinion that what had been done by the whites in Jamaica was as atrocious as any of the acts for which we execrated the memory of such men as the Duke of Cumberland in days gone by. He thought the Liberal party ought to clear the fame of the country from the stain which rested upon it, as far as could be now done, by demanding a most rigid inquiry into what had taken place in Jamaica. Mr. Hughes made a suitable speech in acknowledgment of the honor done him, and, coming to political questions, observed: "We had now a veteran reformer at the head of the government, and the manner in which the war in America had been brought to a close showed how admirably representative institutions worked when tried on the broadest and most comprehensive scale." He did not believe that the present government meant to play false with reform; for when put upon their choice as to which section of the Liberal party they would recruit from, they had chosen from the most advanced and vigorous section of that party. He had known Mr. W. E. Forster for years, and he believed that honorable gentleman would not have joined the government unless they had resolved that the dreadful story of Jamaica should be sifted to the bottom. As regarded reform, Mr. Hughes said it was not likely the government would go anything like so far as he should like to advance in that direction; but he was ready to accept a half loaf,

and he believed they would bring in a really genuine reform bill, such as all the most determined reformers would be justified in accepting.

ABOUT OLD NAMES.

One comes across curious surnames in England. Looking through some list of subscribers to a book I found the name of the Rev. Lord Say and Sele. "Say and Seal" is a well-known heraldic motto, and is that of some noble family (I have forgotten which) in England. Near Pall Mall one reads the sign "Strongith'arm, late Longman, Engraver to Her Majesty." How odd that these engravers, both named from ancestors with peculiarities of person, should have their names on the same sign. One finds it very agreeable, too, to be in a country where the names of localities are real and historic. How idle are the names Sussex, Middlesex, Essex, and the like in America!—mere meaningless imitations of regions which here were so called from their being the kingdoms of South Saxons (Sussex), Middle Saxons (Middlesex), and East Saxons. Surrey was a *sub-regnum* in those days. Nevertheless, many of these old names have been so trampled in the plebeian dirt of ages as to be undiscernable. One can scarcely detect Brightelmstone in Brighton, and as for London—the philologist will immortalize himself who discovers whence was derived the name of the greatest city of the world. We do know, however, that the *Thames*—called by *Cæsar Tamesis*, and by *Tacitus Tamesa*—is from the old Gaelic root *ta*, water, and the latter from *taam*, to pour; and that the Mersey comes honestly from the Latin *mergo*, to immerse. In Nottingham the American visitor is somewhat astonished at finding a quite prominent street called "Bunker Hill Street." An inquiry into the origin of the name elicits that, soon after the famous battle near Boston was fought, a soldier who returned from the war set up a public house, and, being something of a painter, painted for a sign a rude picture of a battle which he called "Bunker Hill battle." His neighbors first, and presently the people for miles around, came to see his picture, and from this the street, which was younger then than now, had its original name (now unknown) overlaid by "Bunker Hill." At Cambridge one sees a still more interesting street or alley called Hobson's Alley. It was here that the stables of that very Hobson who gave us the proverbial expression of "Hobson's choice" stood. Hobson was the keeper of a livery stable, and each horse let out was placed furthest from the door, the next hirer being required to take the horse that was nearest to the door, that being the one longest unworked. People could select the horse, but it was managed that it should always be that nearest the door: that was "Hobson's choice."

"DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS."

Dr. Marigold will be as popular in England as Mrs. Lirriper, but scarcely so much so in America. The "Cheap Jack" is not so familiar a character there as here. Nevertheless the new Christmas story shows that Dickens has lost no fiber of force, nor that spell which has given the world a quaint and charming procession of odd, interesting, and affecting characters. The most important situation in the new story is, perhaps, that where "Cheap Jack" amuses the crowd with his jokes as he sells his wares, whilst his child is dying in his arms. The idea is an old one: those who remember the smallest details of John Leech's work, as all ought to, will recall his illustration of the initial letter *I* of a story in one of the magazines (*Once a Week*, I think), the subject of which was a clown who amused the crowd whilst his wife is dying of starvation at home. The initial letter represents the clown standing in the circus, holding a hoop, with paper pasted on it, for a rider to leap through, the break in the paper making the letter *I*. The side of the man next the laughing audience is a painted and grotesque clown; the other side—seen by the reader—is a grinning skeleton. Mr. Dickens has done as well with his pen as Leech with his pencil, which is saying much. I saw Dickens the other day. Time is beginning to tell on him; the crows have left, plentifully, their tracks on his brow; he has always an anxious look.

It is, by the way, whispered that one of these papers in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round* is the last work ever penned by Mrs. Gaskell.

ITEMS.

The Princess Louise enjoyed last evening Mr. Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" at the Adelphi Theater.

The Queen held council at Windsor Castle yesterday afternoon (December 5) at which she declared her consent to the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, Princess of the United Kingdom, to his Serene Highness the Prince Frederic Christian Charles Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. At the same council Parliament was

ordered to be prorogued from the 28th inst. to February 1st, then to meet for the "dispatch of business."

Matthew Arnold delivers to-day at Oxford his first lecture of the term, as professor of poetry. I have reason to believe that it will be published in some form.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, left England yesterday. She will remain for a short time in Paris.

On Sunday last the Bishop of Salisbury preached to 1,500 convicts in the Portland prison. Among those present was Roupell, the ex-M.P. for Lambeth (convicted of elaborate forgeries), who is said by the chaplain to be a "very excellent prisoner," and, naturally, penitent. He works in the quarries with the other convicts.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, late chaplain of the British Embassy at Berlin, and editor of "Robertson's Life and Letters," preached in the private chapel at Windsor Castle Sunday last. Besides the Queen and the younger members of the Royal Family, Prince Christian of Augustenburg was among the congregation.

The old idea of letting the left hand not know what the right does is not entirely obsolete. A new church, dedicated to St. Martin, has been erected in Gospel-oak-fields, Kentish-town, by a gentleman who wishes his name to be kept secret. The church is a very handsome one, and has a tower with six bells. A parsonage is attached, and the total cost will be £10,000. There are 900 sittings. The Bishop of London consecrated the new church on Saturday.

M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, Dec. 23, 1865.

I HAVE seen at Roberts Brothers' a manuscript of the late Leigh Hunt's, which came into their possession through the hands of Mr. S. Adams Lee, of Philadelphia, who edited with the poet's sanction the "blue and gold" edition of Hunt's complete poems, published here in 1857, two years before their author's death. The present MS. is written on note paper, in a legible hand, and is entitled "The Book of the Sonnets, with an Essay on Italian and English Sonnets and Sonnetteers," and is now to be given to the press for the first time. They begin on it early in January, and I shall have something more to say of it another time. Rev. Wm. R. Alger, who is known by his little composite volume on "The Poetry of the Orient" and his elaborate "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," has in press with the same house "The Solitudes of Nature and of Man"—a very pregnant subject certainly, and which has associated the name of Zimmermann with it already. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (who has just brought out with Tilton's imprint a new volume of her poems) is translating for Roberts Brothers "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier"—a book which has excited no little interest here and abroad. They are also preparing to issue early "Stories told to a Child," by Miss Ingelow, said to be charmingly told, and with an illustration to each (fourteen in all), intended for a younger class of youth than her earlier volume, "Studies for Stories from Girls' Lives," which has acquired for her a reputation only second in importance to that obtained in the higher sphere of her poetry.

Her publishers are also now engaged in making ready an illustrated edition of her "High Tide," to be uniform with Cudall's "choice editions," the last of which latter books is also published by Roberts Brothers in conjunction with the English producers. It is Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," and most of the illustrations have a peculiar interest, as the initial attempt in a new style, by which the artist communicates his work directly to the public without the interposition of an engraver, putting himself emphatically on his good behavior, with no chance to skulk behind the derelictions of the graving tool. The process is not clearly described in the prefatory note, but seems to be in this wise: A plate of glass is coated with collodion, and the drawing made directly upon this by the artist with an etching needle; and, this completed, the design is transferred by photography to a surface of wax. It is not plain how an electrotype is formed from this in relief, unless the design is "built up" by sinking the wax between the strokes of the needle, which is not mentioned. A process somewhat similar, where the relief required is produced by "building up" afterwards, was not unknown before, but the drawing upon the collodion surface is entirely new. The effect of the pictures produced is not very pleasing to the unwonted eye, and the publishers say in a note that they ask indulgence for the inexperience of the artists, at the same time acknowledging the unlikelihood of its ever reaching the delicacy of a wood-engraving. With admirable frankness they offer the means of comparison by introducing a few fine specimens of the latter, and they are certainly, in clearness, delicacy,

and brilliancy, much superior. The new pictures have the cramped look about the lines that so often distinguish all etching processes, and, in landscape particularly, seem unable to give any appearance of atmosphere. In bold drawings of pronounced outline, with little manipulative finish, the effect is good, and may be made, I think, valuable. It might be worth the trial to Darley, for instance, if he could accustom his hand to it. J. D. Watson, in two of the designs of the present volume, seems to hint at its capabilities. The publishers make a point of its unalloyedness—it having gone through no other mind in its transmission from the draughtsman, and it is certainly a good point. If I may judge from the deer which is drawn in one of the pictures, it may be capable of good results in animal pictures. Comparing it with the engraving of the wounded fawn in Billings's Tennyson, which is a fine specimen of the use of wood in representing furry texture, the new process is far more satisfactory.

Roberts Brothers also put their imprint this season upon some of the best of Dalziel's work, thus securing the American market, viz.: "The Round of Days;" "The Parables of our Lord," with designs by Millais; "Don Quixote," with Houghton's designs; "Odes and Sonnets," with tinted designs by Birket Foster; "An Old Fairy Tale," with pictures after Doyle; "The Golden Harp;" "Our Favorite Nursery Rhymes"—all the engraving in which comes from the prolific atelier of the Brothers, whose name is becoming famous in connection also with their Camden press. They also cut the designs which this house have used the present season for North's designs to the "Songs of Seven;" as also those after John Gilbert in Ticknor & Fields's new edition of "The Wayside Inn."

"The Round of Days" has been well heralded, and it is difficult in some respects to overvalue it. The art of the Brothers Dalziel is versatile, as well as marked, and not free from some strong mannerisms of style, not to speak of those of execution, among which may be named a persistency for cross-hatching, without any return commensurate with the labor. They are peculiar, too, in some marvelous agglutinations, and sometimes snarls of shreds and strings, which are compelled to do duty as fabrics not imitable at Manchester or Lowell, or as vapor and water, not matched on earth or in the sky. These, however, are the sports of a decided genius, remarkable somewhat as Dr. Johnson thought the dance of the bear, and not much more pleasing than a certain oratorio was to that stubbed old proser. Despite of these things, the present volume shows what is the highest state of the art at the present time, in the hands of its most celebrated masters. Here are attempts to present effects not often relied upon in wood engraving, and needing almost color as a postulate. The burst of sunshine in the illustration of "Sunrise and Sunset" is an admirable specimen of ordinary methods of effect, which, together with the other design of the same subject, and that to "Richer than Gold," show that no improvement can be effected by any bizarre manipulation. The verse following the first of these poems is utterly unworthy of it, as commonplace as so arrant a thief as Mr. Hain Friswell might be supposed to supply. Indeed, as an anthology, it only proves what is often alleged, that in the waifs and estrays of poetry, collected from promiscuous authors, we can easily surpass the English. The variety of this agglomeration is poor enough; of the other half, part is presentable, and part exquisite. Its sub-title as "Dalziel's Fine-art Gift-book," however, designates the stand-point of criticism, and, in this respect, as I have said, we can hardly approach it. I notice North has one or two designs here, having much the same characteristics as those admirable ones in the "Songs of Seven." Like the Dalziels themselves, he courts difficulties for the sake of conquering. If there is one canon of design more stereotype than another among the commonalty of draughtsmen, it is to avoid horizontal lines in the make-up of the picture, especially in foregrounds. There is an instance of his boldly breaking this rule in the "Seven times Six" of Miss Ingelow's poem, and another to "The Home Pond" of the present volume, and the result is masterly in both cases. His treatment of foliage is somewhat singular, but effective in the mass. His effect of precipitousness in gorge-sides, which was of unwonted cleverness in the Jean Ingelow designs, has some confusion in one instance in the present volume, and is not so satisfactory. Enough, however, has been seen of him to show that the art is bringing forward new blood, and we, in future years, shall have some relief from the style of Birket Foster. There is no one, however, for character-pieces who shows to greater advantage than A. B. Houghton. Most of his designs answer expectation completely, whether it be the drawing-room of the metropolis, or a carouse of country gentlemen at the Grange; lovers coying on the grass, the wife watching the husband's receding ship, or a most tender delineation of aged affection, where the fine

Goethe-like head of the old man bends trustfully upon that of his venerable mate.

The "Don Quixote" is wholly given up to Mr. Houghton's care, and he has done his work with vigor. His idea of the knight strikes me far more favorably than Cruikshanks', and the suggestion in his countenance that one gets of old John Brown not a little aids the imagination by the association of a Quixoticism quite within our own experience. The resemblance was probably accidental, and may accrue to Mr. Houghton's intuitive powers. Sancho Panza is absolutely fresh, and nothing could be better than the way he sits upon Dapple when he beholds the spitted bullock. It was no easy matter to dispose of the imagination of the many phantoms which the genius of so many artists have called about this famous romance. From Hogarth down, the adventures of Don Quixote have ever demanded the aid of every popular draughtsman. Leslie made him and his squire the subject of his most admired pictures, and in much larger degree than common recognized in the knight the noble side of his character, agreeing therein, to some extent, with Coleridge at least. Don Quixote, however, in this respect, must be, I fancy, in much the same category with Polonius. Coleridge contended of the latter personage that there was really nothing in his character to incite our derision; that he was merely a superannuated courtier, full of merely remembered wisdom, and that was all. Garrick had been of a like opinion long before, and had endeavored to introduce this idea into the stage personation, but the groundlings would not suffer it; they were not to be deprived of their laugh, and Polonius has tickled the risibilities regularly ever since. It is much the same with Don Quixote. Lamb joined Coleridge in his onslaught upon the popular notion of the Knight of Mancha, berating all the artists who in that day were filling the academy exhibition with subjects out of him for utterly mistaking the purpose of Cervantes, which was, in Elia's opinion, "tears." There may be some truth in Lamb's opinion that the author intended a serious idea in the first part of his romance (as I think it not unlikely that Shakespeare's intention in Polonius was in accordance with Garrick's and Coleridge's notions), and that in the second part, in the predominance of the squire, he sacrificed his great idea to the popular taste of the day, which had received the fooleries of the man more to their palates than the generousities of the master. Whatever may be the case, it is quite evident, however, that it would be a herculean task to supplant the popular notion, and Mr. Houghton, at least, has not attempted it. I think he would hardly have succeeded if he had; and, in the beaten track, he has shown how it was possible for cleverness to avoid the old ruts.

The new books of the week from Ticknor & Fields are Charles Kingsley's "Hereward;" Mr. Wheeler's "Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction," which has excited more preliminary interest than any book they have issued for a long time; and the sequel to Alexander Smith's last novel, under the name of "Miss Oona McQuarrie." They have also ready an illustrated edition of Miss Procter's "Legends and Lyrics," with Charles Dickens's memoir; and have put a London print of Knightly Shakespeare into six volumes of "blue and gold," making a very acceptable pocket edition, with clear type. Tilton & Co. have also just issued "Child Life in Italy." Walker, Fuller & Co. have now got out the "Rome" of their "Spectacle" series; and Gould & Lincoln are about to start a similar series, to do for countries of the Old World what this does for chief cities.

Mr. Thomas B. Aldrich is to have supervision of the new weekly soon to be begun by Ticknor & Fields; and we are glad to welcome a native-born Yankee, and so genuine a poet, back to New England. It has got into print, in one of our city newspapers, that T. & F. offered to buy out "The Living Age" for \$5,000, to have a clear track for their new weekly; but as the Messrs. Littell valued their property at \$20,000, the difference was too great for an adjustment. The older weekly is to begin the new year somewhat enlarged.

Little, Brown, & Co. get out this week their long-expected "Life of Samuel Adams," a book of mark in its department, and the most important contribution to our Revolutionary history that has been made of late; and the third volume of their new edition of Burke's writings—a model in typographical appearance for works of the standard class. Mr. Nichols, who supervises the edition says that Rivington's issue, which has been so long the best, is more than usually incorrect in the text; and great care is taken to correct oversights and actual blunders in printing the present series of volumes.

Gould & Lincoln have about ready Edward Buck's "Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law," and the author says in his preface that to make the work more generally useful in other parts of the Union, decisions of other states,

and denominational controversies in which Massachusetts had no special part, have been cited. It seems a large part of the MS. passed under the eye of the late Chief Justice Shaw.

W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, December 26, 1865.

ONE of the neatest scientific works issued for a long time in this city has just been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is "The Student's Practical Chemistry: A Text-book on Chemical Physics and Inorganic and Organic Chemistry," a 12mo volume by Professor Henry Morton and Albert R. Leeds—both connected with the Philadelphia Dental College and with the Franklin Institute.

The inexorable law, pressed against Mr. Albert Cassidy, agent for Miss Lucille Western, the sensational actress, has declared that, having been indicted for publishing advertisements warning the public, and especially mothers and their young offspring, against a certain female child-stealer who had arrived from England, and a "true bill" having been found in his case, he must be put upon his trial. The result is that he cannot quit Philadelphia until the trial takes place, without forfeiting his bail, and Miss Western wants him in New York. The affair ought to figure in the newspapers under the head, "Caution to Theatrical Agents." Miss Western, when in Paris, bought a rough English translation of a French sensation-play, and this was altered by Mr. Charles Gayler, a jobbing theatrical journeyman, into a drama, now called "Atonement; or, The Child-Stealer." Mr. G. changed the venue, and placed the scene in London, in which village, according to him, child-stealing is carried on as a regular trade or calling—though it is difficult to say what use can be made of the stolen juveniles, even in the present dearthness of butcher's meat, for, as *Shylock* says, a pound of such flesh

"Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats."

It was known that Miss Western had a new play in rehearsal—name unknown. To excite public curiosity, her agent advertised and posted placards all through the city, calling on the citizens to look out for a child-stealer, describing her as a woman about twenty-four years of age, who had sold her own child in England and had been transported for the same. The hope was suggested that she might be discovered and brought before the public, where she might be observed both by heads of families and their children, etc.

Parents, male and female, got alarmed. Children were kept from school and within doors, when out came the fact, after ten days' suspense and fright, that it was merely a device to draw attention to a sensation drama, and Mr. Mann, the district-attorney, suddenly drew up an indictment against Cassidy, the agent, who, to his infinite surprise, was called on to answer the charge, the grand jury having found the bill. Bail was accepted in his case and his counsel moved that the bill be quashed, as the facts laid in it did not constitute an indictable offense. The Court of Quarter Sessions (Judge Allison speaking) has refused the motion on the ground that to do an act which is calculated to spread terror and alarm through the community, such act not being based upon any real

circumstance, is a common nuisance, and indictable as such. So Mr. Cassidy will be put on his trial. The zeal of the district-attorney is animadverted on, with the wish that he were as quick and vigilant in his crusade against other "players;" the fact that the city swarms with unindicted gambling-house men being as notorious as anything can be.

Almost every person at all acquainted with the light literature of the present period has heard of a celebrated article in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May, 1838, entitled "Father Tom and the Pope; or, a Night in the Vatican." At the time it appeared, the recently introduced national system of education, under which Protestant and Catholic children were instructed in the same school-room, for the first time in Ireland, was much discussed—the extreme Catholics objecting to it because it tended to remove children of their persuasion from the ordinary (and not particularly good) schools, while the extreme Protestants complained that it was too much of a concession to the Catholics. The writer of the "Blackwood" article (which professed to have been "related by Mr. Michael Heffernan, master of the national school at Tallymactagart, in the county of Leitrim, to a friend during his official visit to Dublin, for the purpose of studying political economy, in the spring of 1830") took for his hero the Rev. Thomas Maginn, familiarly known all over Ireland as "Father Tom," and familiar to the readers of fiction as the jolly, good-natured, and excellent Father Tom Loftus of Lever's "Jack Hinton." The "Blackwood" writer, assuming that Father Tom had visited Rome, describes him at a *tête-à-tête* dinner with the Pope in the Vatican—a "pot-luck" feast, but capital. Early in the evening, disliking the Italian wines as being "cowlid and thin," Father Tom produced a bottle of *potteen* out of his pocket, and, after a slight demur from his holiness, whisky-punch soon became the tippie of the night. The two talk a great deal, the Irish priest having the best of it, and, in the second chapter, "racks his holiness in theology and logic." By this time each had seen the bottom of the third tumbler, which was a trifle too much for the higher ecclesiastic, though nothing to the genial Leitrim priest, who, like the eels, was used to it. After this, we are told "how Father Tom made a hare of his holiness in Latin," and how they disputed in metaphysics and algebra, during which discussion Father Tom flirts with the Pope's pretty black-eyed housekeeper before his eyes, and finally argues him into the belief, against the evidence of his eyes and ears, that he neither winked at nor kissed her. Finally the reader is informed why Father Tom was not made a cardinal. Such an amusing, witty, rollicking piece of fun as this, abounding in sharp hits all round, has been a favorite with the Catholic clergy here and in Ireland, and has been reprinted in both countries more than once.

When Dr. Maginn's "Miscellanies" were collected and published in New York, some ten years ago, it was generally expected that their editor would have included "Father Tom and the Pope." He did not, for a reason he had. He knew that Maginn had *not* written it, and that another Irishman, named John Fisher Murray, *had*. This gentleman, son of the late Sir James Murray, M.D., died in Dublin, last month, at the age of forty-four. He wrote "Father Tom" when he was twenty-

seven, and was publishing at the same time, also in "Blackwood," a remarkably able series of papers entitled "The World we Live In," somewhat resembling Cornelius O'Dowd's articles now running through the same magazine. This series, begun in 1836 and concluded in 1838, was afterwards reproduced in book-form, and pleasant reading it is. Mr. Murray published another amusing series, "Some Account of Himself, by the Irish Oyster-Eater," which ran through "Blackwood" in 1839, and is marked with the keen wit, broad humor, and subtle sense of his other writings. Quaint humor and deep pathos were his characteristics. He wrote some poetry for the "Dublin University Magazine," and was one of the handsomest men to be seen in Dublin—tall in stature, noble in aspect, while his countenance indicated humor and benevolence. He lies in Glasnevin Cemetery, where also rest the remains of Daniel O'Connell and John Philpot Curran.

All this preface leads to the announcement that a privately printed edition (by John Penington & Son) of "Father Tom" not having quite satisfied public curiosity, requiring many notes upon references which are not quite as well known here as they were in Ireland in 1838, a new edition is now in course of preparation, to be edited by a well-known man of letters here, in all the luxury of tinted paper, fine type, good engravings, and portrait of the author, with a fac-simile of his writing and a memoir of his life. It will be issued as early as possible after the receipt of portrait and some literary materials from Ireland. Mr. Penington, I think I might add, has communicated to me a passage from a letter written by a literary friend who lately visited Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, and was told by him that he believed "Father Tom" to have been written by Samuel Ferguson, author of that grand poem, so much in Schiller's style, "The Forging of the Anchor," first published in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* in 1831. On the other hand, it is certain that one and the same hand wrote "Father Tom" and the "Oyster-Eater," and that the latter has always been credited to and acknowledged by Murray.

R. S. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia.—*Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind*. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. 1866. Pp. 483.
- JOHN R. WALSH & Co., Chicago.—*Cotton Stealing: A Novel*. 1866. Pp. 487.
- WALKER, FULLER & Co., Boston.—*Hymns for Mothers and Children*. Compiled by the author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. 1866. Pp. 347.
- A Youth's History of the Rebellion: from the Battle of Murfreesboro' to the Massacre at Fort Pillow. By William M. Thayer. 1866. Pp. 336.
- Spectacles for Young Eyes: Rome. By Sarah W. Lander. 1866. Pp. 194.
- P. O'SHEA, New York.—*Life of St. Anthony of Padua, of the Order of Friars-Minor*. By Father Servais Dirks. 1865. Pp. 341.
- G. W. CARLETON, New York.—*Poems by Gay H. Naramore*. 1866. Pp. 198.
- M. W. DODD, New York.—*The Song without Words*. By the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." 1865. Pp. 140.
- JAMES B. KIRKER, New York.—*Eva: A Goblin Romance in Five Parts*. By John Savage. 1865. Pp. 100.

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